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SONGS OF NATURE LOVE AND LIFE







"LITTLE RIVER"

# SONGS OF NATURE LOVE AND LIFE

*River! little river!*

*Earthly ties may sever,*

*Hopes of youth may shattered be,*

*Still thou flowest faithfully—*

*Never pausing, ever flowing,*

*Ever and forever—*

*River! little river!*

*Flowing to the sea.*



WILLIAMS AND COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS, 111 N. 3RD ST.





# SONGS OF NATURE LOVE AND LIFE

*By*  
JOHN WOOD NORTHUP



“MY SENTINEL

PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS · SAN FRANCISCO

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PS3527  
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TO THOSE  
DEAR FRIENDS OF THIS  
MORTAL LIFE WHO HAVE BEEN TO  
ME AN INSPIRATION AND  
A BLESSING



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# SONGS OF NATURE



## NATURE'S CALL

**A** FLEECY cloud from out the west  
Floats in the azure sky;

A pretty bird from out the nest  
Sings in the tree-top high;

A zepher from the wooded crest  
Wafts piney odors nigh;

A brooklet from the mountain's breast  
Runs laughing, bawling by:

And in that cloud the gentle rain  
That nurtures springtime-flowers;

And in that song-bird's dulcet strain  
Solace for lonely hours;

And in that zepher's sighing vein  
Comfort for wearied powers;

And in that brooklet's limpid train  
Sweet rest 'neath leafy bowers.


Hearken, O man, unto the call  
Of Nature in her wooing moods—

The rain, the birds, the brooklet's fall,  
The whispering winds in silent woods—

Then shalt thou better understand  
The secret of true happiness—

That worldly pleasures, howe'er grand,  
Cannot, like Nature, sooth and bless.

## CALIFORNIA

 HERE is glory in thy history,  
O California!  
There's a beauty and a mystery

In thy golden legends rare.  
There is wealth within thy mountains,  
There is health beneath thy skies,  
There's tinting in thy flowers  
That with the rainbow vies.

There is grandeur in thy ocean  
O California!

There's a tonic and a lotion  
In the ozone of its air.

There's abundance in thy valleys,  
There is peace no discord mars,  
There is balm in thy bright sunshine,  
There is rest beneath thy stars.

There's a joy in thy completeness,  
O California!

There's a lusciousness and sweetness  
In thy fruits beyond compare.

There is thunder in thy cataracts,  
There is healing in thy springs,  
There's a note of inspiration  
In thy song-bird when it sings.

There's splendor in thy sunsets,  
O California!

There's music in thy streamlets  
That banishes all care.

There's ermine on thy mountain-peaks  
That pierce the ambient dome,

There's boldness in thy eagle's flights  
That makes those peaks his home.

There is vastness in thy forests,  
O California!

There's broadness in thy rivers' breasts  
Where white-winged vessels fare.

There's richness in thy argosies  
That cross the harbor bar,

There's marvel in thy commerce  
With Foreign lands afar.

There's welcome at thy Golden Gate,  
O California!

There's hospitality innate  
Within its portals fair.

There's wondrous industry and thrift,  
There's education free,

There's cherishing of high ideals,  
There's real philanthropy.

There's a greatness in thy destiny,  
O California!

There's a marching-on to victory  
Beneath thy Golden Bear!

There's a mighty host advancing  
Thy heritage to share!

O, be ready to receive them,  
My California!

## MONTE CRESTA

I KNOW a mountain that looks down  
 On a sleepy little town;  
 And on a valley fair and broad—  
 The very “Garden of the Lord!”

O my Mountain, I adore thee!  
 I would ever more enjoy thee,  
 With thy view, surpassing fine,—  
 Exhilarating as old wine;

With thy bay and cypress trees,  
 Through which the balmy, scented breeze,  
 Straight from Araby the Blest,  
 Sings its song of peace and rest:

Ah! thou bring'st me nearer Heaven!  
 Thou art the delicious leaven  
 Of a busy, restless life,  
 With its turmoil, care and strife!

I have seen thee in the sheen  
 Of the morning sun;  
 I have seen thee capped with clouds  
 Ere the day was done.



I have seen the mist  
Change to hue of amethyst  
On thy brow.

I have seen the snow,  
Ermine white,  
On thy bosom show.

I have seen the stars  
Shine upon thee through the bars  
Of the Milky Way.

I have seen the Day  
Start upon its way  
From thy crest.

I have seen it die  
In thy sunset-sky  
In the west.

I have seen thee glow,  
When the sun was low,  
With the dazzling gleams  
Of transcendent beams.

I have seen thee in the hush of night,  
When the moon shed silvery light

Full upon thy verdant breast,—  
 When mysterious voices would not let me rest—

Voices that have called to me,  
 Over land and over sea,  
 When I was far away;—  
 Calling me by night and day:

Drawing me—as doth the moon  
 The swirling tides of ocean on—  
 To my mountain, ever blest;  
 To my home upon its crest.

Mountain-home! No more I'd leave thee,  
 Till angelic voices call me  
 To that Mountain-Home on high,  
 Where the flowers never die!

AN APRIL DAY AT MONTE CRESTA

MORNING

**G**REEN the valley lying there;  
Scent of lilac in the air;  
Birds are singing everywhere:  
Wake! wake! my soul!

AFTERNOON

Drowsy humming of the bees  
'Mongst the blossoming apple trees;  
Touch of summer in the breeze:  
Dream! dream! my soul!

EVENING

Sunset's glow in all the west;  
Birds swift-winging to the nest;  
Weary Nature going to rest:  
Rest! rest! my soul!

NIGHT

Overhead the twilight deep;  
O'er the landscape shadows creep;  
All the poppies gone to sleep:  
Sleep! sleep! my soul!

BENEDICITE

Far above this mountain-height,  
From their starry windows bright,  
Angel voices call "Good-night!  
Peace! peace to thee, O soul!" they cry.

Ring in the moon-lit sky,  
Answer echoes sweet and light—  
"Peace! peace to thee, O soul!  
Good-night! Good-night!"

## MY SENTINEL

**F**OR CENTURIES old thou hast stood  
Great monarch of all the green wood!  
And still thou art lord of the hill!  
At dawn the sun gilds all thy branches,  
The moon thy dark outline enhances  
When night falls so slumbrous and still.  
The birds seek the cool of thy shade  
Through the heat that the noontide hath made,  
They sleep in the peace of thy bowers.  
And under thee, pensively lying,  
I watch the glad day slowly dying,  
'Mid the bay-leaves and sweet mountain flowers.  
The sunset glows red in the west;  
Thou foldest each beam to thy breast  
As if thou wouldst hold it for aye;  
But the long shadows stealthily creep  
Over valley and woodland and steep,  
And softly the light fades away.  
The stars gleam afar in the sky;  
The night-birds swoop to thee and cry  
And tell thee the secrets of air;  
The night-winds so gently caress thee,  
And tenderly, lovingly press thee,  
And solemnly whisper a prayer.

And thou echoest the voice of the wind,  
And I list to thy music and find  
Surcease from all trouble and care;  
And all through the long, weary night,  
In my visions and dreams, sad or bright,  
Thou standest, my sentinel, there!

# THE MYSTERY OF THE STARS

THE STARS seem nearer to me to-night  
 Than they've ever seemed before;  
 There is a mystery in their light  
 That fills my soul with awe.

I think of all the sons of men,  
 Of every race and clime,  
 They've shone upon with rays serene  
 Since the first dawn of Time.

Yea, e'en before Old Father Time  
 His keen scythe first did wield,  
 Through long eternities sublime,  
 They've held the glistening field.

They crowned the ladder Jacob saw  
 On that far-distant night,  
 And shed on him, forevermore,  
 Their soft, effulgent light.

The wanderer in the wilderness,  
 Discouraged, lost, forlorn,  
 Lifts weary eyes and them doth bless  
 Till night fades into morn.

O, when with problems sore perplexed  
And heavy heart within,  
My soul by countless trials vexed  
And crushed with weight of sin,

I turn mine eyes to starry skies,  
I scan the gleaming dome—  
Beyond those stars my pathway lies,  
Beyond the stars is HOME!



# THE MUSIC OF THE WIND

**L**ISTEN to the music of the wind!—  
Breathing, whispering, sighing,  
In the tree-tops dying—

'Tis the murmuring sea  
Softly calling me.

Listen to the music of the wind!

Listen to the breathing of the wind!—

'Tis as if some monster lay  
Sleeping Titan-cares away:  
O'er the mountains, seas, and lands,  
Slow his mighty breast expands.

Listen to the breathing of the wind!

Listen to the wailing of the wind!—

'Tis some soul in pain  
Crying in the rain;  
'Tis the fiendish swell  
From lost souls in Hell.

Listen to the wailing of the wind!

Listen to the whispering of the wind!—

'Tis as if it fain would tell  
Secrets it hath kept so well  
Since this old world first began—

Secrets of primeval man.

Listen to the whispering of the wind!

Listen to the moaning of the wind!

'Tis some sad heart breaking,

Leave of anguish taking;

'Tis some spirit grieving

O'er sorrows, past relieving.

Listen to the moaning of the wind!

Listen to the sighing of the wind!—

'Tis for hopes forever fled;

'Tis for happiness long dead;

'Tis for love's long-lost desires

Swept by passion's flaming fires.

Listen to the sighing of the wind!

Listen to the rushing of the wind!—

'Tis the breakers' roar

On some distant shore;

'Tis the thunder's-crash

When the lightnings flash.

Listen to the rushing of the wind!

Listen to the cooing of the wind!—

'Tis as when the dove

Calleth to her love;

Or when lovers kiss,  
Lost in realms of bliss.

Listen to the cooing of the wind!

Listen to the last sigh of the wind!—

As at break of day

Soft it dies away,

Voices o'er the hill

Whisper "Peace! Be still!"

Listen to the last sigh of the wind!

Listening to the music of the wind,

Through the restless night,

Waiting for the light,

On my couch I lay

Longing for the day,

Listening to the music of the wind!

Listening to the last sigh of the wind,

Now I close mine eyes—

Visions from the skies

Glide with morning's beams

Through my peaceful dreams.

O delicious rest!

Far-off in the west

They listen to the music of the wind!

THE STREAMLET

THE MUSIC of the spheres”  
Falls on our eager ears  
When thy low murmur soundeth near,  
O streamlet dear!

The whisperings of the breeze  
Sigh through the redwood trees,  
Yet still thy voices soft we hear,  
O streamlet clear!

Upon thy bank we lie,  
Our eyes fixed on the sky,  
Held spellbound by thy siren song,  
O streamlet strong!

The nimble squirrels gray  
Among the tree-tops play,  
That filter sunbeams on thy breast,  
O streamlet blest!

The birds swoop to thy brink  
And cooling nectar drink  
And bathe each feathery-pinion fleet,  
O streamlet sweet!

The length'ning shadows shift,  
And rocks their heads uplift  
To sentinel thy somber sleep,  
O streamlet deep!

And as thy limpid tide  
Seeks the vast ocean's side,  
Reflecting true, sky, rock and tree,  
O streamlet free!—

So run our lives away;  
And faster, day by day,  
Adown Time's stream we onward glide,  
O river wide!

Reflecting on our souls divine  
Deeds ill or actions fine,  
Until at last we sink, like thee,  
Into Eternity!

# SUNRISE AT MONTE CRESTA

THE RISING sun  
 Sheds golden light  
 On fog-sea,  
 Lily-white.

The mountain-tops  
 All purple glow;  
 The sky-line ruby-tinged;  
 The valley hid below.

An intermingling of strange sounds  
 Comes in upon the undertow  
 Of this weird ocean,  
 Heaving slow.

As if the weary, waking-world,  
 Down there, four hundred fathoms deep,  
 Were calling through the fleecy waves  
 That roll beneath my feet.

Ah me! the strifes, the hates, the loves  
 Of those poor mortals, toiling there!  
 What sufferings, strivings, hopes and fears,  
 Down in that world of care!

I turn from spectral sea and sound,  
 And lo! what fairy-land is this,

Where every leaf and bud and flower  
Is bending to the sun's first kiss?

The birds are singing in the trees,  
The quail are calling on the hill,  
The dewdrops glisten on the grass,  
The air the blossom-odors fill.

Ah, this indeed is Heaven!  
I've crossed that billowy sea:  
Those peaks upon its farther shore,  
Those sounds of toiling life below,  
Are the Old World of Time to me!

The earthly toil and strifes and hates,  
The sufferings, strivings, fears,  
Lie buried deep beneath that sea—  
This is *my* World! My Heavenly Rest!  
My Blest Eternity!


## SUNSET AT MONTE CRESTA

**I** CLIMB the height, lured by the sunset's blaze.  
 The mountain stands transfigured in its rays.  
 The valley's eastern vergé is all aglow,  
 While 'neath my feet the gathering shadows grow.  
 The wooded range, by flaming splendor crowned,  
 Looks down on canyons wrapped in gloom profound.  
 Far-out upon the bay a white sail ghostly gleams,  
 Reflecting on its swelling breast the dying beams.  
 Now, Glory's dazzling tints grow ashen in the west,  
 And dusky fingers of the night touch e'en the top-  
     most crest.

Along the far-horizon's rim the pale clouds sleep;  
 Around the lower hills fog-phantoms slowly creep.  
 The twilight fades into advancing night.  
 Yet still the western sky retains a ghastly light—  
 A memory of transcendent brightness fled—  
 Weird shroud for Day, now vanquished, dead.  
 The evening winds sigh softly overhead.  
 The darkness falls; Stars dot the violet dome;  
 And astral gleamings guide me safely home.



# MOUNT TAMALPAIS


 ILL you long for that mountain-top high,  
 With its Titan-rocks piercing the sky,  
 And its slopes clad in verdure so green?  
 Will you cling to those memories tender  
 Of that dying day's slow-fading splendor,  
 Of that gray ocean's far-flashing sheen?

Will you dream of that vision supernal—  
 Of a sunset with colors eternal,  
 Whose tints kiss the fleece of the cloud?  
 Will you sigh for that mystical Elf-land,  
 And yearn for a home on its bright strand  
 Far away from earth's clamor and crowd?

Will you dwell on that last glowing picture  
 That filled to o'erflowing with rapture  
 Our souls as we stood there enchanted—  
 When, with one supreme outburst, the Day-God  
 Shot forth his red challenge to Night-God—  
 Defiance from Glory levanted?

Will you wish for that night's deepening stillness,  
 For the balm of the air and its clearness,  
 And the flash of the lighthouse to seaward;  
 For the bright, throbbing stars in the heaven,

For the wind's soft caress, with its leaven  
Of peace and refreshing from skyward?

Will you think of that walk in the night-light,  
With the valleys shut out from our dim sight,  
When only the gleam of their myriad lamps  
Gave sign that poor mortals under our feet  
Pain and sorrow and toil did greet,  
As once did we down in those noisome damps?

Will you cherish the thoughts of that moment,  
When we three kindred spirits, at-one-ment,  
Sat beneath the dark wings of the soft night  
And listened to rhymes of dead poet's lines?—  
How those cadences sweet to the quick ear declines,  
Holding us spellbound, enthralled with delight!

Will you think of the on-coming sun  
And with what haste the steep crest we won,  
And gazed expectant toward the distant east;  
Whose horizon, already flecked with light,  
Gave forth rich promise of effulgence bright,  
On which our glowing eyes at length did feast?

Will you think of that swift downward leap  
From mountain-top to valley deep,  
When through the fleeting hours that Sabbath morn,

We measured the extremes of depth and heighth,  
All obstacles o'ercome by spirits light,  
That with each cooling draught again seemed born?

Will you recall that final resting place,  
When, tired and famished, we upon the grace  
Of a kind hostess cast ourselves at last?  
Ah, of what wisdom does the proverb savor!  
For "rest," indeed, "is the sweet sauce of labor."  
And now we rest indeed, all toil and troubles past.

Ah, yes! you will long for that grand mountain-height,  
And cling to soft memories of that dying light,  
And dream that sweet dream of a vision supernal,  
And sigh for that mystical, far-distant land,  
And yearn for a home on its beautiful strand,—  
O prototype fair of that Heaven Eternal!

Ah, yes! you will wish for that night's deepening stillness,  
And oft will you think of that dark walk with gladness,  
And cherish sweet thoughts of that dead poet's lines,  
And think once again of that on-coming sun,  
And of that swift leap 'ere his course was yet run,  
And of that last rest 'mongst the trees and the vines.

O mountain-top! O dying light!  
O dreaming sweet of vision bright!

O sighing for that fairy-land!

O yearning for that mystic strand!

O wishing for that stilly night!

O thoughts of walk in darkened light!

O cherished thoughts of poet's line!

O beams of rising sun divine!

O leap into the dark unknown!

O peaceful place for rest alone!

Bright vision, seen through sunset's radiant bars!—

O, fade not, till we rest beyond the stars!

DRIFTING

**F**LOAT on a calm summer sea  
With green slopes afar on the lee!  
And I dream as I float

In my tiny boat,  
On the waves of a calm summer sea.

Adrift on a calm summer sea  
With green slopes afar on the lee!  
And with never a care  
I'm drifting there,  
On the waves of a calm summer sea.

Alone on a calm summer sea!  
Hark! the night-birds call to me;  
And the night-lights gleam  
Afar on the beam,  
On the waves of a calm summer sea.

Asleep on a calm summer sea  
While the winds blow cool and free!  
And in dreams of delight  
I drift through the night,  
On the waves of a calm summer sea.

Let me drift on a calm summer sea  
To those green slopes afar on the lee!

Let me drift to those Isles in the West  
Where the weary and homesick find rest!  
Let me drift on a calm summer sea!

## THE MOUNTAINS

*"And the strength of the hills is His also."*

O MOUNTAIN-PEAKS with ermine clad!  
 O swirling, crystal torrents mad!  
 O solitary, silent heights,  
 Whose sole companions through the lonely nights  
 Are eagles' pinions and the throbbing stars,  
 I greet thee!

O thou titanic, adamantine rocks,  
 That through long ages have withstood the shocks  
 Of subterranean forces, mighty beyond ken  
 Of all the puny, helpless sons of men,—  
 I gaze on thee with wide and awe-struck eyes!  
 My soul is humbled to the dust, and cries  
 Aloud to the divine Creator of it all—  
 "Lord, let me know mine end! O, let me fall  
 Upon my knees amidst the solemn stillness of these peaks!  
 O, let me here await, in peace, the coming of Thy call!"

## SPRING

How oft have poets written of the Spring!  
This joyous time when Nature casts  
Her mantle full in the lap of Mother Earth—  
This birth-time of the birds and trees and flowers.

From myriad branches float the songs they sing—  
Winged-messengers of springtime hope and cheer;  
While at my feet the sweet arbutus glances up  
And brings me back to happy days of youth,

When, through the fragrant fields and leafy woods, a king,  
I strode—monarch of all, it seemed to me,  
So full of rich, strong, vibrant life, I was.  
Ah, then 'twas Spring indeed, for me!

Old noisy Winter, with his frosty sting,  
Had fled discomforted to northern caves  
Before the south-wind's balmy breath,  
And all the happy sprites of Spring  
Danced in one long, mad carnival of glee.

And so doth poor humanity forever cling,  
Through days of wintry darkness chill,  
To thoughts and hopes of a returning Spring,  
When all of life's distress and care and toil  
Shall flee eternally away.



But, O! what of those lives that never ring  
 With songs of springtime hope and joy?  
 Who struggle on through winters of adversity  
 Without one single ray of light to rend the gloom?

Into whose dreary span of years there comes no living  
 thing  
 Of love nor bliss nor satisfied desires,—  
 Only the icy clutch of hope-deferred forever at the heart,  
 The soul benumbed, bewildered with a dumb despair?

Perhaps there'll come a time when these shall fling,  
 Full in the face of earthly winter hoar,  
 Their cerements of clay, and stand redeemed,  
 With faces shining as the sun!

And, kissed by those celestial breezes soft, that bring  
 To pallid cheeks the light of peace and joy,  
 They'll lift their voices and exultant sing:  
 "The winter of our troubled life has fled away!  
 O glorious clime! God's Country, fair!  
 Land of Eternal Spring!"

## TRUCKEE RIVER

**R**IVER, swift! whence flowest thou?  
 Dost thou know?  
 Born 'mid ice and snow,  
 Whirling, madly swirling,  
 Ever onward hurling—  
 Wave on wave—  
 Onward to thy grave.

Seething, hissing, foaming,  
 Wayward in thy roaming,  
 Heedless of those flowers of lovely hue  
 And calm summer-skies of blue  
 That greet thee, hurrying past,  
 Boisterous to the last—  
 Wave on wave—  
 Onward to thy grave.

Winter's icy bands strive with thee in vain:  
 Turbulent in shine or rain,  
 Leaping like a frightened horse,  
 Nothing stays thy mad'ning course—  
 Wave on wave—  
 Onward to thy grave.

Knowest thou thy destiny?—  
 That ocean's waste-immensity

Is not thy final bourn?

Of all thy power shorn,  
Supine thou'lt sink at last  
In the burning sand  
Of a silent land—

In Nevada's desert, vast!

Soul of mine! whence goest thou?

Dost thou know  
Better than the river's flow?  
Whirling, swirling in the strife  
Of this fleeting mortal life;  
Heedless in thy mad'ning course;  
Reaping sorrow and remorse;  
Passing all earth's flowers by;  
Never gazing in the sky  
Of God's Great Benignity—

Soul! what is thy destiny?

Wilt thou lose thyself at last  
In some desert, wild and vast?  
Sink into the burning sand  
In some far-off Silent Land?

## LAKE TAHOE

AMBOSOMED 'mongst primeval forests vast,  
 And girt about by the eternal hills,—  
 Whose ermined peaks look down on thee and smile  
 When touched with splendor by the dying sun—  
 Tahoe, of sapphire and of emerald hues, I greet thee!

And thou dost answer smile with smile  
 Until the last-departing beam hath faded from thy breast:  
 And then, the hush of night enfolds thee,—  
 Unbroken, save for the even-song the tall pines whisper to  
 thee,  
 And the murmur of the ripples on thy shore.  
 The night skies cover thee, as with protecting wings,  
 And from their silent depths thou mirrorest in thy depths  
 The gleamings of a radiant host of stars.

Good-night to thee! And yet again, good-night!  
 Into thy unfathomed deeps I'd cast forever all of the  
 sorrows,  
 Cares and fruitless seekings of this mortal life,  
 And turn from thee regenerated, free, with face serene  
 As is thy face when morning breaks upon thee,  
 And ushers in another summer day as peaceful  
 As these fleeting Sabbath hours,—  
 Reflecting God's Eternal Peace!

## LITTLE RIVER

**R**IVER! little river!  
 Tender memories hover  
 Round thy every winding turn.

Thoughts of youth within me burn  
 As I on thy bosom float.

Thou art ever dear to me,  
 River! little river!  
 Flowing to the sea.

River! little river!  
 Evening shadows gather  
 As the day dies in the west,  
 And the young birds seek the nest:  
 Then each rock and flower and tree  
 Mirrored in thy depths I see,  
 River! little river!  
 Flowing to the sea.

River! little river!  
 Moonbeams on thee dance and quiver;  
 Sunbeams, star-gleams, kiss thee ever;  
 Summer breezes soft, caress thee;  
 Wintry winds across thee shiver;  
 Still thou flowest, changing never,  
 River! little river!  
 Flowing to the sea.

River! little river!

Earthly ties may sever,  
 Hopes of youth may shattered be,  
 Still thou flowest faithfully—  
 Never pausing, ever flowing,  
 Ever and forever—

River! little river!

Flowing to the sea.

River! little river!


I am weary of Life's fever—  
 Bear—O, bear me to the Giver  
 Of all joy and peace and rest!  
 Bear me on thy tranquil breast  
 To the Islands of the Blest!  
 Little river!—Mine forever!—  
 Bear me to thy Boundless Sea!  
 To thy VAST INFINITY!

## SONGS OF LOVE





## SING ME A SONG OF LOVE

ING ME a song with love for its theme,—  
 Love that's unselfish and pure,  
 Love that is boundless and sure—  
 Sing me a song of love.

Sing me a song with love for its theme,—  
 Not love that is found in some beautiful dream,  
 But every-day love with its laughter and losses,  
 Its hopes and its heartaches and crosses—  
 Sing me a song of love.

Sing me a song with love for its theme,—  
 Love full of sunshine and joy and thrills,  
 The real love, the old love—"old as the hills"—  
 Sing me a song of love.

Sing me a song with love for its theme,—  
 The love of a maid with its resplendent gleam,  
 As she gives her first kiss to the youth of her choice,  
 And knows that she lives but to love and rejoice—  
 Sing me a song of love.


Sing me a song with love for its theme,—  
 The love that shines forth from the fond mother's eyes  
 When close to her bosom her sleeping babe lies—  
 Sing me a song of love.

Sing me a song with love for its theme,—

    The love that's as broad as humanity's scheme,  
That noblest of all love, encompassing all,

    The love that in Eden held sway, 'ere the Fall—  
Sing me a song of love.

# THY GLOWING EYES


 THY GLOWING eyes so deep, dear,  
 Speak of the happy hours  
 When hand in hand we wandered  
 'Mid fields and springtime flowers.

Thy tender eyes so sweet, dear,  
 Tell tales of bygone bliss,  
 And memories beset me  
 Of one last, lingering kiss.

Thy sparkling eyes so bright, dear,  
 Rouse me to action fine,  
 And noble thoughts possess me—  
 True counterparts of thine.

Thy laughing eyes so glad, dear,  
 Uplift my heart oppressed,  
 Till through its chambers swelling  
 Chime anthems of the blest.

Thy mournful eyes so sad, dear—  
 The sorrows of the past  
 Shall nevermore remembered be  
 When these arms hold thee fast.

O wondrous, wondrous eyes, dear!  
A spell o'er me they cast  
That, strong and sure, shall bind me  
Till Life's dream ends at last!

LULLABY

**S**LEEP, my dear one, sleep!  
 Angels guard thy rest!  
 Lay thy tired head  
 Close against my breast—  
 Sleep, my dear one, sleep!

Sleep, my dear one, sleep!  
 Sorrows all forgot,  
 In the dreamland realms  
 Bliss shall be thy lot—  
 Sleep, my dear one, sleep!

Sleep, my dear one, sleep!  
 Gone from thee all care;  
 Seraphs' songs for thee are ringing  
 In the silent air—  
 Sleep, my dear one, sleep!

Sleep, my dear one, sleep!  
 God's own stars gleam on  
 To guide thee through the maze of night  
 Unto the Perfect Dawn—  
 Sleep, my dear one, sleep!

## EXPECTANCY

THE NIGHT-BIRD wings its flight to realms in air;  
 Soft o'er the mountains falls the purple haze;  
 And, one by one, the glist'ning stars in heaven  
     appear,

And over all the sunset's dying blaze:—  
 The summer day, so beautiful, is done!

Onward I speed into the gathering gloom  
 Toward one bright star resplendent in the West—  
 Dear star of love, which shines in every room  
 Of this enslavéd heart that chafes within my breast—  
 Patience, O heart! a little longer yet, and Heaven is won!

## DREAMING

I DREAM of thee when throbbing stars are shining,  
And all the slumb'ring world is hushed in dark  
repose;

I feel thy yielding arms about my neck entwining,  
While deep within my heart Love's fire resplendent  
glows.

I dream of thee when Dawn its way is winging  
Out of the shadows on blazing pinions fleet;  
I hear the birds in all the tree-tops singing,  
And feel within my soul thy gentle presence sweet.

I dream of thee amid the noontide splendor,  
When in heaven's deeps of blue the white clouds float  
and fade;  
I hear thy voice in accents soft and tender;  
I feel upon my brow dear hands caressing laid.

I dream of thee and life no more is dreary,  
All care and sorrow flee eternally away;  
Then in these arms I'd fold thee close, my dearie,  
And upward sweep with thee to realms of Endless Day!

## MY PRAYER

THE LOVE-LIGHT in thine eyes, dear heart,  
Dwells ever with me—even in my dreams:  
And though in space and time we're far apart,  
Thy presence thrills me, stills me, holds me with its beams.

O joy! O peace! O bliss divine!  
All, all, is mine, if in thy faithful love I share—  
Sun of my soul! O, let me call thee mine!  
God bless thee, keep thee, save thee, is my prayer.



LONELINESS

O HEART bereft!  
 The hours are sad and dreary;  
 The wings of Time seem leaden;  
 The way is long and weary—  
 O heart bereft! O heart bereft!

O heart bereft!  
 Life seems an endless sorrow;  
 A somber, joyless day,  
 Without one glad tomorrow—  
 O heart bereft! O heart bereft!

O heart bereft!  
 In loneliness declining,  
 Know that behind the clouds  
 The sun is ever shining:  
 That, for each hour of grief and pain,  
 God gives an hour of joy again—  
 O heart bereft! O heart bereft!

IF I COULD CHOOSE AN HOUR

**I**F I COULD choose an hour, dear heart,  
 An hour from care and trouble free—  
 From all life's worries set apart—  
 I'd spend that hour with thee.

If I could choose an hour, dear heart,  
 Full to the brim with joy and glee,  
 Afar from men and busy mart,  
 I'd spend that hour with thee.

If I could choose an hour, dear heart,  
 When I from earthly bonds might flee,  
 Urged on by Love's swift, flaming dart,  
 I'd spend that hour with thee.

If I could choose my final hour—  
 The very last in life for me,—  
 Helpless, undone, in Death's chill power,  
 I'd spend that hour with thee!

FROM A CAR WINDOW

THE MOUNTAINS grand  
 On every hand  
 Are mantled quite  
 In ermine-white.

The sage-brush low  
 Droops 'neath the snow  
 And Winter's breath  
 Brings touch of death.

To leaden skies  
 The lone bird cries  
 And dreary desolation reigns  
 In all the Desert's treeless plains.

But in my heart  
 Dwell thoughts apart  
 From this chill scene—  
 Sweet thoughts serene.

They hurry back  
 Along the track  
 The iron-horse,  
 In madd'ning course,

Hath carried me,  
Far, far from thee,  
And now thy presence sweet  
Fills me with joy complete.

And in this gloom  
Rich flowers bloom;  
Hope, Love, and Peace are mine,—  
Foretaste of Heaven divine!

## A NIGHT-DREAM

THE BROODING spirit of the Night  
 Holds me as one enthralled!  
 Her sable mantle, star-bedight,  
 Hath quenched the last, faint, flickering gleams  
 Of sunset's dying beams.

The lowing kine no longer call;  
 The birds are sleeping in the nests;  
 Beneath a subtle, slumbrous pall,  
 All Nature rests.

Onward I plunge into the deep'ning night:  
 To the four corners of the silent earth—  
 East, West, North, South—I look in vain for light;  
 For just one solitary human ray  
 To guide my lonely way.

I send my voice into the inky void:  
 I listen for one single human word  
 To cheer my tired soul,  
 But no reply is heard.

Upward I lift my face unto God's skies:  
 Ah, yes! *His* lamps are burning there—  
 Those gleaming, countless, starry-eyes—  
 But O, so cold, so far-away they seem,  
 As in a dream!

I send into those astral deeps  
 A long, wild cry to Him who keeps  
 The worlds within the hollow of His hand,  
 And e'en the sparrow's fall doth see:  
 "O Abba Father! answer me!  
 Guide Thou my stumbling feet!  
 I cannot longer stand!"

And lo! His wondrous voice replies  
 Out of the ambient skies:  
 But O, so cold, so far-away it seems,  
 As in a dream!

I raise my heavy hands to Him in sore distrust,  
 Then sink bewildered, fainting in the dust:  
 I grovel in that stygian darkness there;  
 I wrestle with my stricken soul in prayer.

"O Love! Dear Love! canst hear my voice?  
 Is this the end?" I cry—  
 "O, haste thee on the wings of Night!  
 O, stay not for the dawning-light!  
 Outstretch to me thy tender arms!  
 Else, must I die!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The song-birds sweet, are waking;  
 Her soft hand mine is taking;

The music of her voice is in my ear;

Her glowing eyes upon me shine;

Her tender arms about me twine;

Her throbbing heart beats close to mine—

The morning breaks!

All nature wakes!!

My Love is here!!!

## THE BIRTH OF LOVE

**L**OVE COMES, as comes the blossom sweet—  
 With tender care the seed is sown;  
 We watch, each morning, for the tiny shoot;  
 And lo! at last, we've come into our own.

The rain falls on the parchèd earth,  
 The sun's warm splendor follows swift,  
 And flowers come forth, kissed by the rain and sun;  
 And over all the fleecy cloud doth drift.

Thy gentle presence, like the rain, falls on my parchèd  
 heart,  
 And follows swift the sunshine of thy smile;  
 And Love, the sweetest flower in earth or Heaven, is born;  
 And soft, entrancing music drifts o'er my soul the  
 while!



## A HYMN OF PRAISE

**S**ING, O my soul, thy hymn of praise!  
Shout forth to highest heaven thy joy;  
Join thou the song-birds' morning lays;  
Sing, O my soul! Angelic notes employ.

Sing, O my heart, the sweet refrain of love!  
Break every evil bond that binds thee to the Past;  
Catch thou grand harmonies from the choirs above;  
Sing, O my heart! for love now holds thee fast.

Sing, O my life, a long, triumphant song!  
Crush to the earth each mean, unworthy thought;  
Rise in thy power and smite the hosts of Wrong;  
Sing, O my life! for love thy soul hath bought.

Rise then, my soul! My heart! My life!  
Send ringing down the years kind words and actions fine;  
Gird on thine armor, enter bold the strife;  
Sing, with thy dying breath, "Love's Heaven is mine!"

## A CALIFORNIA LEGEND

## I.

A BEAUTIFUL legend is told  
 By the Klamaths, once war-like and bold,  
 Of Ahwahnee, the fairest of maids,  
 And Owayno, the God of the Sun,  
 Who many a fair maid had won  
 As at evening she strolled in the glades.

The swift, dazzling gleam of his smile  
 The eyes of each maid did beguile;  
 But swifter the clasp of his arm  
 As he folded them close to his breast  
 And swept to his caves in the west,  
 And the sunset's ineffable calm.

But of *real love* he never had heard:  
 His heart was as free as the bird  
 That wakes at the first touch of dawn  
 And sees on the blue mountain-height  
 The torch of the Sun-God alight,  
 And greets it with rapturous song.

Now, Ahwahnee was loved by a youth,—  
 The son of the great chief Karsooth—  
 Who among all the Klamaths was known

As the mightiest hunter and brave  
That ever the Great Spirit gave  
Their proud tribe—the noble Kahsoon.

And the love of Kahsoon was returned  
By the gentle Ahwahnee, who learned  
From her master and lord many things:  
How the bear lay asleep all the winter;  
How the deer and the panther did enter  
The snares that were set by the springs.

And how the industrious beaver,  
That cunning and marvelous weaver  
Of sticks and of stones, built his wigwam  
In the depths of the swift-flowing river,  
With its rush and its gleam and its quiver  
Through the forest in sunshine and storm.

And of the great grizzly bear  
That Kahsoon bravely tracked to his lair.  
And she saw the deep scars at his throat  
That the monster had made ere he died  
With the knife of Kahsoon in his side,—  
Who swooned with the pain, as he smote.

And then of the terrible battle,  
When the Modocs, with war-whoop and rattle

Of war-drum, swooped down on the slumbering village.  
 And how, after long hours of fighting,  
 The mauraunders saw victory alighting,  
 And began their red plunder and pillage.

How the rising sun, scorching and red,  
 Looked down on the field of the dead  
 Where the Klamaths had made their last stand:  
 How the wail of the women, grief-ridden,  
 Who in the dark forest lay hidden,  
 Was borne through the desolate land.

How, afar in the heart of the mountains,  
 Where the limpid streams gush forth like fountains,  
 Kahsoon and his band of young warriors  
 Were hunting the panther and bear,  
 When clear, through the still morning air,  
 Rose the yells of the fiendish destroyers.

How, on his wild steed, at the sound,  
 He swept, like the wind, o'er the ground,  
 With his followers close at his back—  
 On! On! with the speed of the wind,  
 Till the trail of the spoilers they find,  
 And madly they follow the track.

On! On! Through the heat of the noon,  
 Till the westering sun reached the zone

Of the night, and the bright California moon  
Shed its beams o'er the Modocs' wide path,  
They swept in their fierce, silent wrath,  
And prayed that their vengeance come soon.

At last the encampment-fires gleam  
By the side of a slow-running stream,  
And Kahsoon and his warriors alight:  
To the spot where the Modocs lie sleeping,  
All unconscious of foes on them creeping,  
They stealthily glide through the night.

The tomahawks' swift, silent fall  
Cleave the heads of the sentinels, all—  
No time for the death-song is given;  
But the death-rattle sounds in the throat,  
And the howls of the dogs rise and float,  
And with war-whoops the still air is riven.

Now, the rush of the battle is on!  
Though outnumbered an hundred to one  
The Klamaths fall quick on the foe:  
The play of their lances, swift-flashing,  
The whirl of their arrows, swift-crashing,  
Cause the Modocs' red life-blood to flow.

And Kahsoon, in the thick of the fight,  
Hews down to the left and the right

The fiends that encircle him round;  
 Until all about him are lying  
 Great heaps of the dead and the dying,  
 While torrents of blood drench the ground.

And now, straight before him there stands,  
 With knife and with lance in his hands,  
 Oneco, the great Modoc chief;  
 And Kahsoon, in a voice full of scorn,  
 Calls him squaw-man, and coward, and fawn,  
 And liar, and boaster, and thief.

And Oneco returns gibe for gibe—  
 Tells Kahsoon that he never will live  
 To see the first gleam of the dawn;  
 And then hand to hand they engage,  
 And fierce is the struggle they wage,  
 While Klamath and Modoc look on.

Till Kahsoon, with a masterful thrust,  
 Lays Oneco, the great, in the dust,  
 And severs the scalp from his head;  
 While the Modocs in terror are flying,  
 At sight of their chieftain there, dying—  
 Flying back to their great Lava Bed.

Ahwahnee these tales oft had heard  
From the lips of her master and lord,—  
    These tales, and a great many more;  
And she listened with eyes brightly beaming,  
The love in her heart each day seeming  
    Far stronger than each day before.

And they sat in the hush of the evening,  
When the notes of the whippoorwill blending  
    With the cricket's sweet, low plaintive song,  
Made music that banished all sadness,  
And filled all the night with its gladness,  
    While the tide of their love swept along.

And they talked of the day, yet to come,  
When his wigwam should be, too, her home,  
    And she kissed him, and whispered her love;  
And she said: "I will follow, Kahsoon,  
As the green sea doth follow the moon—  
    Be as true as the bright stars above!

"With bright feathers thy war-lance shall glow;  
I will make for thee arrows and bow,  
    And with skill weave thy moccasin beads;  
And when the sun sinks in the west

I will make a soft bed for thy rest  
 Out of pine boughs and sweet tule-reeds.

“For thee all the burdens will bear;  
 From the deer thou dost kill will prepare  
 The choicest of savory food;  
 And when the dread fever hath laid  
 Its hand on Kahsoon’s aching head,  
 I will steep him herbs that are good.”

And so spake Ahwahnee the fair,  
 To her master and lord sitting there  
 In the hush of the evening so still;  
 And on his broad breast soft she lay,  
 And he watched till the fingers of Day  
 Made their imprint on woodland and hill.

III.

Now the legend doth say, you have heard,  
 That the Sun-God knew never a word  
 Of love—that bewildering thing!  
 Notwithstanding the maids he had won,  
 Owayno, the God of the Sun,  
 Was untouched by its maddening sting,

Until one balmy evening in May,  
 When in ambush he stealthily lay



In the glade where the maidens did walk,  
He saw, in the gleam of his smile,  
Ahwahnee stroll down the green aisle,  
And softly behind her did stalk.

And he flashes his bright golden beams  
'Cross the path of the maiden, who dreams,  
As she walks, of the noble Kahsoon;  
Then, as she turns, her slow steps to retrace,  
The Sun-God sends full in her face  
Those gleams that all maidens have won.

But not so with Ahwahnee the fair,  
Who is standing, so beautiful, there;  
For the warm, glinting rays in her eyes  
Doth neither bewitch nor beguile,  
As she waits, all so pensive, the while,  
And Owayno looks down in surprise.

And whence comes this pang of unrest  
As he sweeps to his caves in the west  
And the sunset's ineffable calm?  
With chagrin he hath found that his dart  
Hath failed to reach Ahwahnee's heart,  
While his own hath been pierced by her charm.

## IV.

And thus the great Owayno heard  
Of love—O, the marvelous word!—

And he felt all the pangs that it brings—  
The longings, the sighings, the moanings,  
The miseries, happiness, groanings,  
Of poor mortals who suffer its stings!

And eve after eve in the glade  
The Sun-God in green ambush laid  
For Ahwahnee, who walked in his beams;  
But try as he did every wile,  
*This* maiden he failed to beguile,  
For the noble Kahsoon filled her dreams.

And so, with the sting and the smart  
Of love unrequited, his heart  
Grew heavy with anguish and pain;  
For his passion was vivid and real—  
Such as only the great gods can feel—  
But he longed for Ahwahnee in vain.

For the maid to Kahsoon now was wed;  
And when Owayno heard it, he said:  
“My curse on the mortals of Earth!  
In winter no more will I shine!

In summer, the maize and the vine  
I will kill at the moment of birth!"

So in winter he sulked in his cave  
And no warmth to the Klamaths he gave,  
And thousands died under his curse:  
But the fate that remained for the rest,  
When the Sun-God came back from the West,  
Was even a thousand times worse.

For when, in the first days of Spring,  
The maize, vines, and every green thing  
Gave promise of plenteous store,  
Owayno's fierce, blistering rays  
Beat down on them through the red haze,  
And they withered and died, evermore!

Then Famine stalked through all the land,  
And fair California's strand  
Was piled high with the corpses of men;  
And Kahsoon laid his head on the breast  
Of Ahwahnee and sank to his rest,  
As he blessed her again and again.

And then came the terrible rain,  
As Owayno now sent back again  
The waters he's stored in the sky;

And higher and higher the flood  
Rose, until the whole land was submerged,  
Except one sharp mountain-peak high.

And there on that peak, all alone,  
Ahwahnee, her face turned to stone,  
Sat watching the black waters roll;  
And she sent up an agonized cry  
That reached to the depths of the sky:  
"Kahsoon! O, receive thou my soul!"

Far above, in the heart of a cloud,  
Heard the Sun-God the cry of his love,  
And straight through the mist and the rain  
He flashed his bright beams on the rock  
To which Ahwahnee clung, 'midst the shock  
Of the turbulent waters, in vain:

For the swirl of the ravaging flood  
Swept over the spot where she stood  
And she sank 'neath the surge of the wave;  
But she rose in a moment, and soon  
Felt the rays of the God of the Sun,  
And heard his far-call—"I will save!"

Then on each drop that held her entombed  
He focused the blaze of his sun,

And, swifter than lightning's sharp glare,  
 Drew her up to his bright home above,  
 And cried: "Ahwahnee! My light and my love!"  
 And kissed her, and stroked her soft hair.

v.

And she lay for a moment at rest  
 'Midst the life-giving beams on his breast,  
 Then uplifted her beautiful head;  
 But he pressed her again to his heart,  
 And whispered "No more shall we part!"  
 And Ahwahnee made answer, and said:

"Great Sun-God, I owe thee my life;  
 And, for this, will become now thy wife;  
 But I cannot bring to thee the boon  
 Of a life and a heart full of love,  
 For true as the bright stars above,  
 I remain to my husband, Kahsoon!

"I know never more I shall see  
 His face, that is dearer to me  
 Than all else in that old world or this,  
 But I'm sure in the Great Spirit's Land,—  
 Perchance on some beautiful strand—  
 My Kahsoon walks in infinite bliss!"

The anguish, the pain, the surprise,  
 That shone in Owayno's clear eyes,  
     Moved the gentle Ahwahnee to tears,  
 And, prostrate, she cried: "Take my life!  
     Take my blood!  
 O thou noble Sun-God!  
     But leave me the love of past years!"

## VI.

And Owayno, the Sun-God, looked down  
 On that fair face and quivering form,  
     And there came to his tear-bedimmed eyes  
 A look of compassion, so tender and real,  
 Such as only the great gods can feel,  
     And as soft as his own sunset skies.

And he lifted her up, with the grace of a god,  
 And cried: "Kahsoon shall again be thy husband and lord!  
     O Ahwahnee! My love and my lost!  
 Ah! It never was meant that the great Gods should win  
 The love of the children of men!  
     O Ahwahnee! My love and my lost!

"And the flood on the earth shall subside  
 When my beams its deep waters hath dried,  
     And thy race shall inherit the land;

And fairer than ever before  
 That old world shall be, evermore—  
 Only blessings shall fall from my hand.

“And, for thy sake, I never again  
 Will withhold from thy people the rain,  
 Nor kill the young maize, nor the vine;  
 And for thy sake, no more in the winter  
 The Frost-God their wigwams will enter:  
 And this promise I give thee and thine.”

## VII.

Then, straight to the beautiful strand  
 Of the Great Spirit's fair, happy land,  
 He shot forth the beams of his sun,  
 And they caught up Kahsoon, walking there,  
 And swept back with him, through the clear air,  
 To Owayno's bright, far-distant home.

And there, on the fleece of a cloud,  
 Knelt Ahwahnee, her lovely face bowed  
 In the passionate longing of prayer;  
 And then through the tremulous gleams  
 Of the Sun-God's rich, translucent beams,  
 She saw her Kahsoon standing there.

And she fell in his arms with a cry  
 That rang e'en to the Great Spirit's sky—

“Kahsoon! O my husband! My lord!”  
 For a moment Owayno looked on,  
 Then swept from their sight and was gone.  
 And, weeping, they cried—“Come back!  
 O thou noble Sun-God!”

And out of the silence and dazzling flame  
 Of transcendent splendor and glory, there came  
 A wild echo from far-heights above:  
 “It never was meant that the great gods should win  
 The love of the children of men!  
 O Ahwahnee! My lost and my love!”


\* \* \* \* \*

And the Klamaths believe the sweet legend,  
 And when the rain falls on the parched land,  
 Bringing promise of harvest and cheer,  
 They say: “ ’Tis Ahwahnee, returning  
 To Earth with her love and her yearning  
 For home and her people, so dear!”

And when, the blessed rain over,  
 The sun rends the dark clouds that cover  
 His face in the afternoon-sky,  
 And they see his beams drawing up water,  
 They cry: “ ’Tis Ahwahnee, our daughter,  
 Returning to Kahsoon on High!”



## TWILIGHT


 HERE is an hour,  
 'Twixt daylight and the dark,  
 When tender recollections come to me,—  
 Sweet memories that overpower  
 All else of place or time or sense.

Soft then the touch of her dear hands,  
 Our tears, commingling, fall again;  
 Her soul speaks to my soul; her heart  
 Is bound to mine with tender bands  
 Of love and joy and everlasting trust.

The deepest depths are stirred again;  
 Surpassing fair all life unto me seems;  
 The Present full of noble thoughts and aims;  
 The Future holds no haunting shadows then;  
 Gone all the sorrow, passion, pain.

O twilight hour! I long for thee  
 That I may live again those moments dear;  
 O, haste thee on Time's leaden wings  
 And bring my lost love back to me!

And when Life's twilight falls on me,  
 And death-damps dim my glazing eyes,

And stalking through the gloom I see the specters of  
Eternity,


O, let not memories then be mine,  
But blessed, sweet reality!

Her warm breath on my icy cheek,

Her dear lips pressed against mine own,  
Her sobbing farewells in my failing ear,

Her soft hand clasping my cold hand,  
I'll gently pass into the Silent Land!

## MOTHER-LOVE


 WE MAY well say that love is the lever  
 That moveth this old world forever.  
 Yet, love hath so many gradations,  
 So many poor adulterations,  
 That pure love's exceedingly rare.

There's the love that is worldly and sordid,  
 Where only one's self is accorded  
 The right to the best on Life's table,  
 And, like unto the fox in the fable,  
 Wants also the other's poor share.

And there's love like the dog's for his master,  
 Whose footsteps he'll follow the faster  
 When he knows there's a bone to be given;  
 And when he the choice morsel hath riven,  
 Will lie down content with his fare.

But there's one love that's ever unfailing,  
 Over all of Life's trials prevailing;—  
 I'm sure that the Lord looked on it and smiled,  
 When he gave to the mother her love for her child.

## LOVE'S PERFECT WHOLE

I KNOW a woman with such tender eyes,  
 That just to gaze into their deeps  
 Is like a glimpse of Paradise.

I know a woman with such wondrous lips,  
 That just to touch them with mine own  
 Thrills to the very finger tips.

I know a woman with a smile so sweet,  
 That just to bask in its bright beams  
 Fills me with joy complete.

I know a woman with a heart so true,  
 That if Love can but enter there  
 Love then is born anew.

I know a woman with a soul so pure,  
 No earthly dross can tarnish it,  
 No worldly wiles may lure.

And in this woman's tender eyes,  
 Her smile so sweet, her wondrous lips,  
 Her heart so true and her pure soul,  
 I find Love's perfect whole.

## LOVE'S PASSING

**L**OVE came to my humble dwelling,  
 Gently tapped upon the door:  
 Gazed I at her from my window—  
 Fairer face ne'er seen before!

"Let me in!" she cried, entreating,  
 "I have come to sup with thee!"  
 Still I lingered at the casement,  
 Till I could no longer see.

"Let me in! The night's advancing!  
 I am weary, hungry, cold!"  
 Then the door I quickly opened,  
 Took her in my arms so bold,

Set her down before the fire,  
 Placed before her food and wine;  
 All the room seemed now transfigured  
 With celestial light divine.

Then I knelt beside her softly,  
 Drew her close unto my breast,  
 Felt her heart-throbs, heard her sighings,  
 Watched her gently sink to rest.

Then my eyelids, too, grew heavy;  
 Fainter now the firelight's glow;  
 And without, the wind's low meaning,  
 And the swirling, blinding snow.

Into dream-realms now I'm drifting  
 Bearing love upon my heart;  
 O the thought, so full of rapture,  
 Never more from her to part!

\* \* \* \* \*

Light of dawn bursts through the window;  
 Sunbeams fall upon her head;  
 Waking now, I gaze upon her—  
 God have mercy! Love is dead!!

## UNDERSTANDING

**P**ERHAPS there'll come a time,  
 It may be on some fair far-distant strand  
 Beyond the portals of Eternal Light,  
 When you and I will meet, and understand  
 What now in this old world seems hidden from our sight.

Ah, then we'll understand  
 The why and wherefore of that sweet delight  
 That came to us, as comes the chariot of the dawn  
 Out of the mists and shadows of the night  
 By steeds of flaming splendor drawn,  
 And then was turned to dust and ashes in our grasp.

Ah, then we'll understand  
 The meaning of that parting clasp,—  
 How useless were the tears we shed  
 Over dear hours forever fled,  
 Over fond hopes now shattered—dead!

Yes, some day from our eyes the scales will fall,  
 And we shall know the meaning of it all—  
 Some day we'll understand.

# IF LOVE SHOULD DIE

IF LOVE should die,  
 What would become of this old world!  
 Who then would heed the helpless infant's cry,  
 Weak, starving at a stoic-mother's breast?  
 If love should die.

If love should die,  
 Where then the hopes and longings of young lives?—  
 The sweet caress, the kiss, the blissful sigh,  
 The dear, delicious touch of lovers' hands?—  
 If love should die.

If love should die,  
 Who then would heavy burdens bear  
 Of those who crushed and bleeding lie?—  
 No word of cheer, no pitying eye,  
 If love should die.

If love should die,  
 Who then would heed the springtime flowers?  
 Or song-birds singing in the sky?  
 Or catch the incense on the summer breeze?  
 If love should die.

If love should die,  
 Where then the power of moon or sun



Or glist'ning, starry worlds on high,  
 To cheer the weary wanderer's way?  
 If love should die.

If love should die,  
 Who then would watch the fleeting breath  
 Or listen to the last good-bye  
 Of mortal on the brink of Death?  
 If love should die.

If love should die—  
 Ah, then all Nature would be dead,  
 And earthly hopes and happiness would fly  
 Into realms of Chaos and Despair!  
 If love should die.

If love should die?—  
 Take courage, doubting heart;  
 God is forever nigh.  
 His sun and moon and stars shine on;  
 All nature radiates His smile:

His love humanity forever thrills,  
 And ever-faithful, everlasting is:  
 Strong, sure, eternal as the hills,  
 Love shall not, *cannot* die!



## SONGS OF LIFE



## THE TIDES OF LIFE

**F**LOOD-TIDE of HOPE! Flood-tide!  
 When all of Youth's bright dreams  
 Are surely to come true in after years.  
 Flood-tide of HOPE! Flood-tide!

Flood-tide of FAITH! Flood-tide!  
 Faith in his God, his Country and his fellow-men;  
 Faith in himself 'gainst all the world.  
 Flood-tide of FAITH! Flood-tide!

Flood-tide of LOVE! Flood-tide!  
 When all of bliss that earth can hold—  
 That ever was or ever can be—all is his.  
 Flood-tide of LOVE! Flood-tide!

Flood-tide of WEALTH! Flood-tide!  
 His Midas-touch turns all to gold,  
 And Mammon bows obsequious to his will.  
 Flood-tide of WEALTH! Flood-tide!

Flood-tide of POWER! Flood-tide!  
 When to his purposes and ends  
 He bends the very elements themselves.  
 Flood-tide of POWER! Flood-tide!

Flood-tide of FAME! Flood-tide!  
 His name is on the lips of all the world,  
 And on Ambition's dizzy height he stands alone.  
 Flood-tide of FAME! Flood-tide!

\* \* \* \* \*

Ebb-tide of HOPE! Ebb-tide!  
 Youth's roseate dreams begin to vanish now;  
 And Courage, gasping out its life, dies at the helm,  
 And Fear, ascendant, rides the billows of an angry sea.  
 Ebb-tide of HOPE! Ebb-tide!

Ebb-tide of FAITH! Ebb-tide!  
 Misfortune sears his soul;  
 And doubts of God, of Country, of his fellow-men,  
 And of himself lie heavy on his breaking heart.  
 Ebb-tide of FAITH! Ebb-tide.

Ebb-tide of LOVE! Ebb-tide!  
 He stands beside the open grave,  
 And, one by one, gives back to Mother Earth  
 His loved-ones, all, and to him lost for aye.  
 Ebb-tide of LOVE! Ebb-tide!

Ebb-tide of WEALTH and FAME and POWER! Ebb-tide!  
 In penury and want he walks alone, alone!  
 The mem'ries of the past are but as daggers to him now.  
 Ebb-tide of WEALTH and FAME and POWER! Ebb-tide!

Ebb-tide of LIGHT and TIME and SENSE! Ebb-tide!  
 He gropes in darkness through the weary hours,  
 An infant once again—strange law of life!  
 Ebb-tide of LIGHT and TIME and SENSE! Ebb-tide!

\* \* \* \* \*

Flood-tide of DARKNESS and of DEATH! Flood-tide!  
 This tired soul is dropping off to sleep;  
 And earthly HOPE and FAITH and LOVE  
 And earthly FAME and POWER, are all forgotten now!  
 Flood-tide of DARKNESS and of DEATH! Flood-tide!

Flood-tide of Heavenly PEACE and JOY! Flood-tide!  
 Upward through starry worlds, swifter than lightning's  
 flash,  
 His spirit wings its flight; and angel voices welcome him;  
 And heavenly HOPE and FAITH and LOVE  
 And heavenly FAME and POWER, eternally are his!  
 Flood-tide of heavenly PEACE and JOY!! Flood-tide!!!

## A SABBATH INSPIRATION

**H**SABBATH stillness falls on me,  
 E'en though the thunder of the train  
 Is ever in mine ears.

The peace that passeth understanding  
 Floods every secret chamber of my soul,  
 Like tides of ocean, sweeping o'er the land,

Heart, senses, spirit,—every fibre of my being—  
 Reflect the glorious beauty of this day.  
 Life never seemed before so full of sentient happiness  
 And very joy of living.  
 I lift my voice to God and thank Him,  
 From my soul of souls, for life! life!! life!!!


At peace with all the world,  
 My heart goes out to every living soul.  
 Every good and perfect thing on earth  
 I would fall down before and worship.

All that in nature most delightful is—  
 The beauties of the earth, the sky, the sea—  
 All, all appeals to me.  
 The aspiring souls of every race and clime  
 Are to my own soul knit by a compelling, boundless sym-  
 pathy.



Leap forth, my soul, and gather to thyself  
That universe of souls!  
Sweep through the wide, wide world,  
My heart of hearts, and draw unto thyself  
All other hearts that love as thou dost love!  
And lay thy trophies at the feet of Him  
Who sitteth on the Throne!  
Whose love all-perfect, all-pervading is;  
Who is, Himself, the very Essence of All Love!

## A NEW YEAR'S PERSPECTIVE


 TIME IS ever winging,  
 Hearts are ever clinging  
 To the memories of the past—  
 Clinging to the last.

The past is dead, my friend:  
 Dwell not in it to the end.  
 To the future turn thine eyes;  
 See what in it, for thee, lies.

It hath work that must be done—  
 Work from dawn to set of sun.  
 Work, with eyes fixed on the goal,  
 Inspiration in thy soul

To do the thing next to thy hand.  
 Let Duty draw thee with a silken band—  
 Not chain thee with strong links of steel.  
 In all Life's duties pleasure feel.

Thou canst not live for self alone  
 While poor humanity lies prone  
 Beneath a weary weight of care,  
 Of pain, of sorrow, of despair.

Thy brother's keeper ever, thou:  
 For his shortcomings must allow,  
 And look with charity, surpassing-kind,  
 On sins and errors thou in him dost find.


If thou wouldst greater knowledge gain,  
 If thou broad culture wouldst attain,  
 Achieve it with the noble purpose in thy soul  
 To use it to uplift the fallen ones: Enroll

Thy talents, knowledge, culture, in the cause  
 Of country and humanity and wiser laws.  
 Thy Country needs the best that thou canst give;  
 Humanity, instruction how to live.

So shalt thou find thy place in this old world:  
 And, having found, stand firm, with banner bright unfurled;  
 And there shall rally round thee hosts of noble men,  
 Who'll cry to thee—"Lead on again!"

Awake! Arise! Shake off thy slothful sleep!  
 Work! for the morn is here! The shadows deep  
 Press close behind the sun! Soon night will come,  
 And Master's voice will call the gleaner home!

## MY FRIEND INDEED


 HE who quaffs with me,  
 Beneath blue skies serene,  
 Life's brimming cup of joy,  
 And walks with me when Fortune smiles,  
 My friend? Perhaps!

But when the skies are overcast  
 And thunders mutter and the lightnings flash,  
 And fickle Fortune's smile hath vanished, quite,  
 And with adversity and pain I fight  
 And drink the bitter dregs of Sorrow's cup—

Who stands beside me like the rock?  
 And whispers—"Lean on me, thou stricken one!"  
 And cheers me, comforts me, consoles?  
 He is my friend in very deed:  
 I have no need to say—"perhaps!"

## ADVERSITY

THE TRAIN sweeps past  
 A corn-field stricken by the blast.  
 Each stalk hath bowed its head,  
 E'en to the very ground.

Soon 'twill be withered, dead;  
 No care may save, no help be found.

Ah me! the bitter thought  
 Of that poor husbandman  
 As he surveys the ruin wrought  
 By forces he must bow before  
 As did those stalks but yesterday—  
 Bright hopes of harvest, fled forevermore;  
 The fruits of labor turned to swift decay.

Ah me! the world-worn sons of men  
 Who bow before the blast  
 Of elemental forces, far beyond their ken;  
 Who see the fruits of life-long toil  
 Turn into dust and ashes at the end:

Who stand beside the open grave  
 And hear the clods upon their dear dead fall,  
 And feel that all the care and tenderness  
 They've lavished on the lifeless-one hath been in vain;

And in their anguish, desolation, pain,  
Cry to the heavens to give them back again  
Those they have lost for aye.

O stricken soul, look up into the sky!  
Beyond the stars the Father stands  
And welcomes to celestial lands,  
The weary, toil-worn sons of men.  
Have faith and hope, and thou shalt find  
Amid Life's stress and wild alarms,  
Beneath thee, ever strong and sure,  
His tender, everlasting arms!

## ODE TO DEATH

**N**O MORTAL yet hath conquered thee, O Death!  
 No mortal bribed thee, ever.  
 But some have gone to thy embrace with shouts  
 of victory  
 Upon their lips. With hands outstretched have some,  
 Discouraged, tired of life, entreated thee to take them from  
 The world. Others, in abject terror, have groveled in the  
 dust  
 At thy approach and begged thee for a few more fleeting  
 hours.  
 And some have gladly given themselves to thee  
 That others might a little longer live.  
 Mothers, in awful anguish, have plead with thee  
 To loose thy icy clutch on children's throats;  
 Fathers have plead for sons, sisters for brothers, friends for  
 Friends. Yet wert thou still inexorable, O cruel Death!  
 For thou hast claimed them all—hast taken them, every  
 one.  
 But where,—where hast thou taken them, O Death?  
 Are they as naught,—insentient atoms lost in stygian  
 shades?  
 Or do their disembodied spirits walk in Fields Elysian  
 'Mongst fragrant flowers which thy touch canst not  
 wither?  
 Answer, O Death!—Answer this cry of sorrow-smitten sons of  
 Men through all the ages!

## MY COUNTRY

*Lines written on entering New York Harbor after a trip to Europe.*

THROUGH the long morning hours  
 The dense, cold fog has mantled our great ship,  
 Shutting from eager eyes the shores of that dear  
 land

We long again to see.

And now, at last, we've shaken off that fleecy garment  
 Of the deep,

And standing with upraised arm, full in the forefront  
 Of our view,

A mighty statue looms majestic in the noonday sun.

Colossal warder of that teeming mart she stands,  
 Holding aloft her burnished torch to enlighten all the  
 world.

And, as with glistening eyes we gaze on her, she seems to  
 say:

"Beyond me lies thy heritage, thy native home, dear land  
 of liberty!

Not quite three hundred years ago, a trackless, silent  
 waste, was here:

A silence broken only by the shouts of savage men  
 More cruel than the beasts of prey themselves that  
 roamed the forests vast.



“And then proud nobles came from far-off Albion’s Isle,  
 with charters from the King,  
 And founded in Virginia’s wilds a home;  
 And towns sprang up, only to be laid low again by ruthless Indian bands.

“And now the fame of this new land is wafted back to  
 England old,  
 And Pilgrim Fathers cross the wintry seas—fleeing from  
 persecutions dire—  
 To seek upon New England’s shores, ‘Freedom to worship  
 God!’  
 And then, from horrors of red Saint Bartholomew,  
 A wretched band of Huguenots brave the ocean-wastes  
 And find a refuge on fair Carolina’s coast.

“With famine, pestilence, and ambush of relentless foes,  
 Did these three groups of exiles bravely fight;  
 Each from the other sundered by primeval forests dense,  
 Yet each with aims and purposes the same—  
 To wrest from Nature and the hands of barbarous men,  
 a great domain,  
 Wherein should dwell freedom of conscience, equal rights,  
 and brotherhood fraternal.

"Thus, from the loins of those tried men and true,  
 The nucleus of a nation sprang:  
 And when oppression's heavy hand was by the Mother-  
     Country on them laid,  
 The Thirteen Colonies, as a single man, rose in their might  
 And broke the bonds that held them to that nation  
     old across the sea.  
 For independence then they cried! For independence,  
     through long years,  
 They fought and bled and died!

"Thus, from the fiery crucible of war a nation great was  
     born;  
 Whose hands, outstretched across the sea, beckoned to all  
     the oppressed to come  
 And taste the sweets of freedom 'neath the stripes and  
     stars.  
 And Erin's famine-stricken sons replied; and Polish Pa-  
     triot's took up the cry;  
 And Teuton Races caught the glad refrain; and swarthy  
     sons of Italy,  
 Striking hands with Norsemen's children, hither came;  
 All finding in this favored land that which the lands of  
     their nativity denied.

“Almost a century hath flown; and with the years  
 The Nation’s fame hath reached to earth’s remotest  
   bounds  
 And she become the wonder of the world.

“And yet, within her breast, she bears a festering wound  
 That threatens e’en the Union’s life itself.  
 And now, black clouds of civil war roll upward to the  
   heavens.

To cut away this cancerous growth men into battle rush:  
 Brother strives with brother, father slaughters son, upon  
   the bloody field.

The North and South divided stand, and all the world  
   looks on, with bated breath,  
 As mighty hosts of armèd men reel midst the shock of war.

“Four years of bitter strife—Two million men have given  
   up their lives—

Then comes the end. A mighty shout goes thundering  
   round the world—

“The Union’s saved! And Slavery is forever dead!”

“And now, regenerated, free, the Nation sets her face  
   again

Towards the mark of her high destiny.

Great enterprises spring up in a single night, and wealth  
   is multiplied a thousandfold.

Where once the Red-Man made his stealthy way along  
 some secret by-path,  
 The iron-horse now rushes onward with terrific speed.  
 And thus the plains and mountains of the West are con-  
 quered,  
 E'en to the broad Pacific's rim—the Nation's breast ex-  
 panding with the years."

This then the land, and this its people free,  
 Which thou art placed to guard, O statue great!  
 Fulfill thy mission grand through all the coming years!  
 Let thy illumined torch be freedom's light, enlightening  
 every man who cometh to thee  
 Seeking here a home free from oppression's hand!  
 Send forth its dazzling rays into the darkest corners of  
 the globe,  
 Until the enslavèd souls of every race and clime shall  
 bathe in the divine effulgence of its beams,  
 And, seeing, shall take heart again and cry—"America!  
 The hope of all the world!"

# THE CALL

**H**EAREST again the call, my soul?—  
 The call that through long years  
 Hath sounded in thine ears  
 Like far-off thunder's roll?  
 Hearest again the call?  
 And wilt thou shrink again and fall?

Hearest again the call, my soul?  
 Shall thickets dark beset again thy way,  
 Without one friendly ray  
 To guide thee to the goal?—  
 Without one gleam to cheer thee on  
 To meet the Glorious Dawn?

Hearest again the call, my soul?  
 Awake! Arise!  
 Gaze into Freedom's eyes!  
 From her thy inspiration draw;  
 Lay every weight aside,  
 Stay greed's besetting tide  
 Forevermore!


Hearest again the call, my soul?  
 Awake! Arise! Put on thy strength,  
 Until at length

Thou standest in the forefront of the fray  
 Ready the foe to smite,—  
 Ready to die for freedom's sway!

Hearest again the call, my soul?  
 Then plunge into the strife!  
 Fight for thy Country's life!  
 Grapple with those who dare  
 E'en her dishonor share!  
 Strike in the gathering gloom!  
 Strike with the sword of doom!

Hearest again the call, my soul?  
 O'er thee her banner see—  
 Stars, stripes, forever free!  
 And, ringing in the sky,  
 Hear thou God's battle-cry!  
 See thou his fiery cross flaming on high!  
 Hark thou! He calls to thee:  
 "This sign shall ever be token of Victory!"

# IN THE VALE OF THE GREEN SHENANDOAH


 IS NIGHT on the green Shenandoah:  
 From the south comes the rumble and roar  
 Of the guns of the battling hosts,  
 Contending for mastery there  
 Of a valley more wondrously fair  
 Than those far-famed Ausonian coasts.

And the night-wind's soft sigh in the trees,  
 And those stars the young sentinel sees  
 In the depths of the infinite dome,  
 Bring thoughts of the coming of peace,  
 When war with its horrors shall cease—  
 Bring visions of mother and home.

'Tis night on the green Shenandoah:  
 And nearer the rumble and roar  
 Of the guns of the battling hosts;  
 And fainter the low camp-fire gleams  
 In the eyes of that golden-haired boy,  
 As he sinks into slumber and dreams  
 Of mother and home-coming joy.

'Tis night on the green Shenandoah:  
 And nearer and nearer the rumble and roar  
 Of the guns of the battling hosts;  
 But that golden-haired sentinel sleeps,

As the light of the dawn slowly creeps  
O'er the hills of the green Shenandoah.

Asleep at his post on the green Shenandoah:  
And nearer, still nearer, the rumble and roar  
Of the guns of the battling hosts—

Awake, boy! Awake! or else nevermore  
Look the world in the face. O, the awful disgrace!  
Awake, boy! Awake! From thy fair name efface  
The shame of this night!

Awake, boy! Awake! Think of mother and home!  
Awake, boy! Awake! For the morning is come  
In the vale of the green Shenandoah!

But his corporal finds him asleep on the ground;  
And he wakes with a start at the ominous sound  
Of the grounding of arms and the word of command,  
As they wrest from his nerveless and trembling hand  
The musket he's borne in the terrible fight  
For country and home, for freedom and right:  
And, quaking, he reads in his captain's stern eye  
The miserable death that the faithless must die  
In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis morn on the green Shenandoah:  
And nearer, still nearer, the rumble and roar  
Of the guns of the battling hosts.



And afar in the City of Penn,  
A sore-stricken mother in prayer  
Begs the great God of Battles to spare  
Her boy who must die on the morrow at ten  
In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis noon at the Capital's seat:

Up the steps, through the dust and the heat,  
A woman with silvery hair, bowed down with a weight of  
despair,

Is wending her way to the great White House there,  
To beg and to plead, again and again,

That her boy may not die on the morrow at ten  
In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

But she's stopped at the portal:

"Mr. Lincoln is busy. He cannot be seen,"  
The orderly said. "O sir, you can't mean

That I've come all in vain! O my darling! my son!"  
The orderly answered—"A great battle is on;

The Union is lost if by traitors 'tis won  
In the vale of the green Shenandoah!"

And there on her knees, with face bowed in the dust,  
That poor mother prayed to her God, great and just,  
That the Union might live, that the battle be won—

"O God! Save the nation! Take even my son!  
In the vale of the green Shenandoah!"

Then she lifts her tired head, and her world-weary eyes,  
 And lo! they are filled with o'erwhelming surprise:  
 For above her is towering a gigantic form,  
 With face sad and furrowed, and scarred by the storm  
 Of the conflict that's raging on fields drenched with gore,  
 In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

And he lifted her up, and his eyes filled with tears  
 As she clung to his hands, but he calmed all her fears,  
 And tenderly laid her old head on his breast,  
 And whispered—"There, there, little mother! Now  
 rest!"  
 Then he asked her the name, and called for a pen,  
 And said—"Your boy shall not die on the morrow at ten  
 In the vale of the green Shenandoah!"

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis noon on the green Shenandoah:  
 And into the valley, with rush and with roar,  
 Sweeps the panic-struck army in headlong retreat.  
 Great God! Can nothing now stay those swift-flying  
 feet?  
 "The Union is lost!"—the wild cry rings out,  
 And the on-coming rebels exultantly shout  
 In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

"The Union is lost!" See! her bright colors fall!  
 The bearer lies pierced by a swift minie ball.

Ah, no! All's not lost! See! those bright colors rise!  
 A golden-haired boy, with clear, flashing eyes,  
 Waves the old flag aloft with his manacled hands,  
 And shouts, to the left and the right, quick commands,  
 In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

"Come back! O, come back to the colors again!  
 Come back! O, come back! Wipe out this foul stain!"  
 And through the dun smoke and the cannon's red-crash  
 And the bullets' swift-whir and the sabers' bright-flash,  
 They hear that stentorian call ringing out,  
 They rally around him with thunderous shout—  
 The rebel hordes wheel! In mad terror they run!  
 The Union is saved! The battle is won  
 In the vale of the green Shenandoah!

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis morn on the green Shenandoah:  
 And silent forever the rumble and roar  
 Of the guns of the battling hosts.  
 But hark to the sound of that muffled drum!  
 And see, with that golden-haired boy they now come  
 Far down the long line of battle-scarred men,  
 All breathlessly waiting the stroke of ten  
 In the vale of the green Shenandoah!

By a deep, open grave they are binding him there:  
 Blindfolded he stands, with his bright golden hair,

That shimmers and gleams in the hot morning sun—

What boots it to him that the battle is won;

That his comrades are muttering and cursing, and say—

“ ’Twas this same fair-haired boy that saved us the day  
In the vale of the green Shenandoah!”

“One!” The fatal number rings upon his ears;

“Two!” He sees his mother, toiling through the years;

“Three!” He prays for her with his last fleeting breath;

He feels upon his throat the icy clutch of Death:

The final word is on the lips of that grim man-at-arms,

And twenty gleaming muskets, levelled at his breast,

Await that word which ushers him to rest

In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

Speak not that word, O captain, stern!

Speak not that word, and thou shalt learn

That God reigns in His sky!

For through the ranks goes up the cry—

“Hold, sergeant! Hold! The President! !”

And then, as if from Heaven sent,

Strides down the line of smoke-grimed men,

A figure with majestic mien,

In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

And on his arm a woman, bowed with years,

And at the sight the blinding tears

Roll down the cheeks of those war-hardened men.

And now the shout goes up again—

“The President! The President! God bless the President!”

And Lincoln, dim-eyed, on those eager faces gazed intent,  
Then said—“Loose him! He’s colonel of his regiment!”

And straightway gave him his commission there;  
And son and mother, by that open grave, knelt down in  
silent prayer.

Then from that [shattered] army’s throat a song arose,  
with one accord—

“‘Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
Lord,

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath  
are stored,

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift  
sword!’

In the vale of the green Shenandoah!”

And a woman’s voice took up the song, in a high and  
quavering key—

“‘In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across  
the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:  
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men  
free’

In the vale of the green Shenandoah!”

Fifty long years have passed and gone

Since that valley rang with the victors' song;

And that fair-haired boy, with his manacled hands,

Snatched the Flag from the dust and gave commands  
That won the battle and turned the tide,

Where the Blue and the Gray sleep side by side;

But the Old Flag still floats on the soft southern breeze,

And the night-winds still whisper and sigh in the trees,  
And the night-stars still glisten and gleam as of yore,

In the vale of the green Shenandoah.

# THE FLAG

**T**HE FLAG! The Flag!! The Flag!!!  
 My Flag! Your Flag! Our Flag!  
 Live and die beneath its folds!

For it the future holds  
 Deeds of glory yet untold!

The Flag! The Flag!! The Flag!!!  
 My Flag! Your Flag! Our Flag!  
 See how God's firmament  
 Hath to our emblem lent  
 Its stripes and stars!

The Flag! The Flag!! The Flag!!!  
 My Flag! Your Flag! Our Flag!  
 I'll love it while I live,—  
 My very heart's blood give  
 Ere it shall trail the dust!

The Flag! The Flag!! The Flag!!!  
 My Flag! Your Flag! Our Flag!  
 O, let my dying eyes  
 Gaze on it to the end!  
 Then, sweeping through the skies,  
 I'll bear it, e'en to Paradise!

## LIFE'S JOURNEY

THE YOUNG man laughs with boyish glee;  
 With merry tales, with jestings free,  
 The moments pass, the hours flee;  
 Good-fellowship here reigns supreme:  
 We speed along, as in a dream,  
 Across the Lake, whose waters gleam  
 Like myriad jewels in the sun.

And now, the first lap of our journey done,  
 Our iron-courser stops to rest:  
 And far behind us in the west  
 The desert lies; the snowy crest  
 Of towering mountains greets us here,  
 And rushing river, crystal-clear—  
 And farther east, another desert, drear.


The young man weeps! O bitter tear!  
 Dumb with unuttered-anguish, weak, he stands,  
 The fatal message crushed within his hands—  
 "Our mother died today!"  
 And as he reads, each ray  
 Of light seems blotted from the world,  
 And he into the outer darkness hurled.

"Ah, this is life!" he faintly said:  
 "An hour ago in song and jest I led,  
 And there, at home, my dear old mother, dead!"



Ah, yes, poor boy, 'tis life!  
With joy and pain each hour is rife:—  
Ah, who can solve the riddle of it all?  
Before the awful mystery of death I fall  
Helpless upon my knees; and, in my anguish, call  
Through the black shadows of this earthly night—  
“Dear Father, take my hand! Guide me aright  
Through this bewildering maze of life and death  
Into Eternal Light!”

## THANKSGIVING DAY


 HANKSGIVING DAY again is here—  
 Great Festival of all the year!  
 The day when sons and daughters come  
 To the dear, ne'er-forgotten home.

No other home is just like this,  
 Whether of high or low degree;  
 Where'er we roam, by land or sea,  
 'Tis this abode we ever miss.

Here played we in the days long gone,  
 Here prayed we at our mother's knee,—  
 Through blinding tears her face we see;  
 On places vacant now we gaze forlorn.

The faded years have bitter lessons taught,  
 And fleeting time hath left its scar and sting,  
 But still Thanksgiving never fails to bring  
 A joy to which all other joys are naught.

Ah! who can sing the praises of that tie  
 Which binds the hearts of kindred dear  
 Upon this day of feasting and good cheer?  
 O, when that tie is severed, I would die!

We greet again Thanksgiving, then:  
 We thank the Giver of All Good

For life, for health, for raiment, food,  
For friendships 'mongst the sons of men.

And when for us Thanksgivings end,  
And sundered earthly ties for aye,  
A long, sweet, blest Thanksgiving Day  
Beyond the stars we'll spend!

## MY SYMPHONY

I do not ask for power:  
 I do not crave an hour  
 When men shall bow the knee  
 For something I have done  
 That hath their praises won.

I would all-powerful be  
 Only to those I see  
 Stricken by sorrow's rod,  
 Losing their hold on God,  
 Shorn by adversity.

For these I ask for power—  
 To cheer them in life's fray,  
 To help them on their way  
 Unto a brighter day.

I do not ask for gold  
 That I may wealthy be;  
 Only that I may see  
 With eyes of charity  
 Those whom my gold may help—

Friends who have less than I,  
 Causes that to me cry,

Poverty forever nigh—  
 For these I ask for wealth.

I do not ask for fame—  
 That I recorded be  
 In 'Time's Great History—  
 Only that men shall say  
 Over my lifeless clay:

"He did his little part,  
 He touched the throbbing heart  
 Of all humanity,—  
 This is his fame!"

I do not ask for love—  
 Only as it may prove  
 A stepping-stone to that above;  
 Love for those near to me,  
 Love for my country free,  
 Love for humanity.

Ah! this my song shall be,  
 Cheering and strengthening me  
 Unto the end:  
 Then in that symphony  
 Of His great love for me,  
 Through all eternity,  
 My song shall blend!

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

O the years, the flying years!  
 O the tears, the bitter tears!  
 Years that never come again,  
 Tears that fall, and fall in vain—  
 O the barren years!  
 O the bitter tears!  
 What is life to me?

O the years, the flying years!  
 O the troubles and the fears!  
 Years of promise ne'er fulfilled,  
 Years with hopes forever chilled—  
 O the troublous years!  
 O the haunting fears!  
 What is life to me?

Yes, the years are flying!  
 Sad heart, cease thy crying!  
 Think not of the past  
 With its bitter tears,  
 With its troubles, fears;  
*It will never come again!*

Face the coming years bravely to the last.  
 Keep thy soul, thy name,

Spotless,—without stain.

Life shall blessed be.


Fears and troubles flee

With the flying years:

Heaven's eternal peace

At the end appears!

## NIGHT


 HE NIGHT falls:  
 She folds  
 Her sensuous arms about me  
 And holds  
 Me fast in dark embrace;  
 Her ebon heart beats full  
 Against my breast;  
 Her fingers rest  
 With somber touch  
 Upon my weary eyes;  
 And Nature's voices,  
 At her call,  
 Bid me to balmy sleep—  
 To rest! To sleep! To dream!

To rest—after the toils and troubles of the day;  
 To sleep—in blest indifference to grinding cares  
 And sins and strifes of waking hours forever fled;  
 To dream—of happy things that came, perchance,  
 Like flecks of sunshine o'er the summer fields  
 When storm-clouds lower—  
 Sweet intercourse with 'genial friends,  
 Or music's soft, delicious spell,  
 Or love's illuminating thrill,  
 Or walks among God's trees and flowers.



Ah, what a legacy dost thou bestow,  
 O slumbrous Night, on all mankind!—  
 The power of dear forgetfulness;  
 Recuperation for tomorrow's battle;  
 And, through the silent hours, sweet dreamings of past  
 happiness and bliss.

Sleep on, thou tired spirit, sleep!  
 Dream on! Dream on! And rest!  
 Tomorrow's rising sun shall wake thee,  
 Tomorrow's sin and toil await thee—  
 Dream on! Dream on! And rest!

So sleep thou on through earthly nights,—  
 Sleep on and dream and rest!  
 And when the night of death shall fall,  
 And thou dost feel her ghastly arms enfold thee,  
 Her leaden heart-beats 'gainst thy weary breast,  
 Her icy fingers on thine eyelids laid,  
 Sink thou to sleep and rest!

Dream on! Dream on!  
 Dream of the coming morn!  
 Dream of the day whose sun shall never set,—  
 When sin and pain and toil and care  
 Shall flee eternally away  
 Before the dazzling splendor of God's smile!  
 Dream on! Dream on! And rest!

# WEARINESS

**M**Y SPIRIT faints beneath its load of care;  
 An avalanche of trouble bears me down;  
 There is no surcease anywhere;  
 I rest 'neath Fortune's sullen frown.

All Nature to me lifeless seems;—  
 The woodland streams and sunset-skies  
 Are only filmy, faded dreams  
 I gaze upon with listless eyes.

And strains of sweetest music fall  
 Unheeded on my deadened ear;  
 The morning song-bird's gladsome call  
 No more my tired soul doth cheer.

Ye Gods of Strength, come back to me!  
 Ye Gods of Vigor, touch my brain!  
 And resurrect me, strong and free,  
 To battle with the world again!

# A CHRISTMAS SONG

**H**o! FOR the cheer of Christmas-time!  
 When the bells ring out in a glad, sweet chime,  
 A message to all of goodwill sublime—  
 Ho! for the cheer of Christmas-time!


Ho! for the peace of Christmas-time!  
 For peace o'er all the restless earth  
 Through a heaven-sent, loving Savior's birth—  
 Ho! for the peace of Christmas-time!

Ho! for the joy of Christmas-time!  
 When children's voices chant and sing  
 The praises of the Christ-Child King—  
 Ho! for the joy of Christmas-time!

Ho! for the love of Christmas-time!  
 A love that encompasses all the Race—  
 The rich and the poor, with redeeming grace—  
 Ho! for the love of Christmas-time!

Ho! for the hope of Christmas-time!  
 That, at the end of our earthly road,  
 We'll lay down our heavy, weary load,  
 And enter the many mansions fair,  
 To find an eternal Christmas there!

## SUCCESS


 HAT is success?" the young man cries:  
 "Success," the multi-millionaire replies,  
 "Is the ability to keep what one has gained;  
 Nor once permit business with sentiment to blend—  
 That is success!"

"What is success?" the maiden cries:  
 "Success," the gilded-butterfly replies,  
 "Is the ability to keep the sterner sex  
 Forever at your feet,  
 And then to choose at last, wealth, title, power—  
 That is success!"

"What is success?" the student cries:  
 "Success," the deeply-learnèd man replies,  
 "Is the ability to draw that power from knowledge which  
 shall overawe a wondering world—  
 That is success!"

"What is success?" the outcast cries:  
 "Success," the unsuccessful man replies,  
 "Is the ability to touch a hardened soul like thine,  
 And set thy stumbling feet upon the rock—  
 That is success!"

This then is the great lesson all must learn:  
 Success lies in man's helpfulness and love.

And knowledge, title, power, are not life's greatest goal.

For, though devoid of these, in Heaven's eyes

Thou mayst successful be, e'en though to all the world

Thou art become an unsuccessful castaway!

## REST

*"O, for the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."*

O WHERE shall I find rest?  
With spirit sore distressed  
I lift my weary eyes unto the hills,  
For rest, sweet rest!

O, where shall I find rest?  
With troubled soul, oppressed,  
I cry to the vast ocean-waste,  
For rest, dear rest!

O, where shall I find rest?  
With tired brain, depressed,  
I wander on through springtime-fields,  
For rest, soft rest!

O, where shall I find rest?  
With aching heart, unblest,  
I lose myself in summer-forests dark,  
For rest, kind rest!

O, where shall I find rest?  
In fitful dreams I take the morning's wings  
And fly to earth's remotest bounds,  
For rest, loved rest!

O, where shall I find rest?  
 Nor mountain-height, nor ocean-waste,  
 Nor springtime-fields, nor forests dark,  
 Nor all of earth's immensity,  
 Give answer to my cry!

O, where shall I find rest?  
 In dumb despair I raise my heavy hands to heaven,  
 And lo! out of those deeps of blue,  
 There comes an answer to my prayer:

Resounding through the ambient dome  
 A VOICE, majestic, makes reply—  
 "My son, up here, beyond the stars supernal,  
 There yet remains for thee a rest,—  
 Sweet rest, eternal!"

PEACE

**P**EACE, perfect peace is here!  
 Bright visions of a yester-year  
 Come trooping o'er my soul,  
 And deathless memories unroll  
 Sweet pictures of a long-ago.

The troubles, worries, and the fret  
 Of intervening years I can forget  
 In this dear, hallowed place;  
 The pain and sorrow all efface,  
 That came with manhood's battling strife.

Ah, yes, 'tis perfect peace!  
 'Mid childhood scenes I find surcease;  
 Here evermore I fain would rest,  
 Here dream the dreams of boyhood blest,  
 Here sink, at last, into eternal peace!



SLEEP

WHEN SLEEP doth bind mine eyes,—  
 Ah! then I can forget  
 The grinding care, the weary task,  
 The turmoil, hurry, fret,  
 Of these long daylight hours—  
 When sleep doth bind mine eyes.

When sleep doth bind mine eyes,  
 I can forget  
 The breaking hearts, the wasted lives,  
 The homes where love is never met  
 And only sodden souls do dwell—  
 When sleep doth bind mine eyes.

When sleep doth bind mine eyes,  
 I can forget  
 The countless failures of the past;  
 The bitter loss, the vain regret—  
 Those haunting ghosts of memory—  
 When sleep doth bind mine eyes.

When sleep doth bind mine eyes,  
 I can forget  
 The faithless friends, with promises unkept,  
 Who held the poisoned chalice to my lips and let

Me drink, e'en to the bitter dregs—  
When sleep doth bind mine eyes.

Come, blessed sleep, and bind mine eyes!  
Let me forget  
That I have ever dwelt in tenement of clay:  
Lead thou me gently on thy dreamy way,  
And set me down at last in that Fair Country,  
Far beyond the skies—  
Come, blessed sleep, and bind mine eyes!

## TO WASSILY SAFONOFF

*In commemoration of his last night as Conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society—Saturday Evening, March 27th, 1909, at Carnegie Hall.*

IF ALL the music that has touched my heart,  
 And thrilled my soul through all the years—  
 The organ-tones in some cathedral grand,  
 The cadences of some sweet symphony,  
 The martial strains of some great military band,  
 The solemn harmonies of dear old hymns,  
 And glorious notes from prima-donna throats,  
 And simple melodies of home and love,  
 And warbling of the birds in field and wood,  
 And joyous laughter of the mountain-brook:  
 E'en too, the "music of the spheres"—  
 Those angel-voices that have come to me in dreamy sleep—  
 If these could fall again upon mine ears  
 In one vast volume of harmonious sound,  
 Not all of them combined could give to me  
 That thrill of ecstasy which swept,  
 Like lightning, o'er my soul that night.

Dear Friend, I lay this tribute at thy feet,  
 As did thy audience great, on that last night,  
 Beneath the thralldom of thy mighty spell.  
 I hear again those plaudits, loud and deep;  
 I see once more the wreath of laurel brought

To crown the Master, Emperor, King,—  
Monarch of Music's ever-blessed Realm.  
All hail to thee, Maestro Great!  
Go forth unfaltering on thy mission grand.  
May every soul be touched as mine has been  
That comes within the influence of thy power.  
For Heaven hath given to thee that spark divine,  
That inspiration that shall help to speed the hour  
When love and peace shall reign supreme,  
And hate and strife shall be no more.

And hail to thee! O Glorious Morn!  
Whose rising beams shall usher in  
The Fatherhood of God, sublime,  
The Brotherhood of all Mankind!

## A PRAYER

**F**ATHER, pointing through an open door;  
A little child, obedient, entering in—  
The train speeds by.

Dear Father, make thou me, e'en as that little child.  
Guide thou my feet along life's weary road:  
And then, at last, through earthly portals dark,  
Point thou the way,  
And I, obedient, will enter in to realms and  
Mansions of Eternal Day!

# RETROSPECTION

THE OLD year is fading.  
 Are we glad that 'tis gone?  
 Has it left us disheartened,  
 Despondent, forlorn?

Have its lessons been bitter?  
 Have its tasks seemed too hard?  
 Has it left our souls weary,  
 Our hearts sad and scarred?

Has hate left its mark  
 And anger its stain  
 And envy its venom  
 And sorrow its pain?

Or has love reigned supreme  
 In the days that are flown?  
 Have sweet seeds of kindness  
 Been winnowed and sown?

Have heart-aches been ended  
 And heart-breaks been mended  
 By words from our lips  
 Or by deeds from our hands?

O, the joy and the sorrow,  
 The pleasure and pain,  
 The love and the hate,  
 The sunshine and rain,  
 The sweet and the bitter,  
 Are never in vain,

If, out of the turmoil  
 And peace of the years,  
 The heart still responds  
 And the soul still aspires  
 To thoughts that are noble  
 And love that is true;  
 For they lead us at last  
 To the portals of Time,  
 And usher us into  
 God's New Year sublime!

## A BURIAL AT SEA

**H**OW HANGS the mist o'er the face of the deep;  
 The ponderous bulk of the great ship is still;  
 The men at the rail lift their burden so light,  
 And await the last word of command.  
 And the wail of the wind, and the moan of the sea—  
 These shall her requiem be!

Wrapped in her garments of sleep, dreamless sleep,  
 Free from all pain, so peaceful she lies;  
 While asleep in the cabin a motherless babe  
 Is dreaming of her and of home far away.  
 And the wail of the wind, and the moan of the sea—  
 These shall her requiem be!

A sister is waiting in yonder far port,  
 A mother is yearning for her 'circling arms;  
 But those fathomless depths wait and yearn for her, too,  
 And lift to caress her their seething white lips.  
 And the wail of the wind, and the moan of the sea—  
 These shall her requiem be!

The last word is spoken!  
 In the gray light of dawn,  
 A swift, downward gleam of white canvas,  
 And chill waters forever close o'er her.



And the wail of the wind, and the moan of the sea—  
 These shall her requiem be!

\* \* \* \* \*

Bright is the morning that follows;  
 Far in our white wake the spot  
 Beneath which she lies in her deep ocean-bed,  
 With the sea-grasses waving above her.  
 And the wail of the wind, and the moan of the sea—  
 These shall her requiem be!

And I think of another bright morning to come,  
 When, from world's end to world's end, together  
 Shall roll the firmament vast, like a scroll,  
 And the deep, cruel sea shall give up its dead.  
 And, until then, unceasing,  
 The wail of the wind, and the moan of the sea—  
 These shall her requiem be!

## THANKSGIVING

**L**ET US give thanks, upon this Day of Thanks,  
As did our fathers in the days of old—  
Lift high our voices in a song of praise to Him  
For blessings far outnumbering our deserts—  
That health and strength and courage still are ours;  
That in our hearts dwell happiness and love;  
That life grows sweeter as the days glide on;  
That, through another year, the scythe of the Grim Reaper  
Hath not mown us, nor any of our loved ones, down;  
That the eternal verities of God's love and tender care  
Grow clearer to us as our span of life speeds to the end;  
That within the confines of our beloved Country  
Abundance and prosperity do reign, and over all  
The Angel of Peace spreadeth her protecting wings.  
"O, let us give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good,  
For His mercy endureth forever!"

## THE MARTYRS

*Lines written after visiting the Torture Chamber at The Hague, and, later, bearing Bach's great organ in the Church of St. Bavokerk at Haarlem.*

THROUGH iron bars the sunlight warm is streaming,  
 Making still more hideous these instruments of  
 pain,

And as we gaze we seem to catch the gleaming  
 Of those fires of torture lit by the Sons of Cain.

Speak! O ye walls! and tell the awful story!

Dead stones awake! and cry to highest heaven  
 Of deeds of blackness, now grown old and hoary,  
 When cruel power to bigots' hands was given.

"Man's inhumanity to man" was here revealèd,  
 Where groans of poignant anguish rent the air,  
 Until at last parched lips by death were sealèd—  
 Lips whispering to the end a fervent prayer.

"Recant! Recant!" a deep-toned voice is saying,  
 "Turn from thy heresy again to Mother Church!"  
 "Keep thou me faithful!" the tortured one is praying,  
 While very pangs of hell his mangled body search.

O Christ! who died for these in bitter degradation,  
 Why were Thine ears then shut against those awful  
 cries?

Where then the merits of Thy great salvation  
 When cruelties like these could rend the very skies?

Where was the angel bright who saved thy servant Daniel?  
 Where was the power that rescued David from Saul's  
 hand?

Where was the myriad-host that Thy hand couldst empanel  
 To snatch thy suffering children from the fiery brand?

Walls answer not; the silence grows depressing;  
 Mute are these stones that once ran red with gore;  
 Even the sun withholds its light caressing,  
 As with sad hearts we close the heavy door.

\* \* \* \* \*

What are these strains that on our ears are pealing?  
 Whence come these wailing cries that fill the choir and  
 nave?

Whence these angelic notes upon our senses stealing,  
 As if High Heaven to us its benediction gave?

What are these thunderous tones that awe our souls to  
 stillness—  
 That vibrate through this sacred place, in accents long  
 and deep,  
 And fill our hearts with peace in all its fullness,  
 While heavenly joy within its watch and ward doth  
 keep?

Find here, my soul of souls, what those mute stones retaineth;

Hear in these organ-tones the answer thou hast sought—  
For, “Alleluja! our God forever reigneth!”


Chant all those martyred ones in Heaven’s celestial court.

“Through tribulation great,” I hear His voice resounding,

“Have these true souls well won the right to wear  
That crown of life, with joy and peace abounding,  
Which those, who, faithful unto death, shall share!”

So, when of that far land across the seas I’m dreaming,  
And that accursèd chamber is once more before mine eye,  
I listen for the answer from that great organ streaming,  
And hear those martyr-voices ringing loud and clear on  
High!

# INTO THE NIGHT


 INTO THE night we are speeding along,  
 Into the night, into the night,  
 With rumble and roar for our even-song,  
 Into the night.

Into the night we are hurrying on,  
 Into the night, into the night,  
 By a fiery, tireless steed we are drawn,  
 Into the night.

Into the night we sweep towards the West,  
 Into the night, into the night,  
 Sweeping with thunderous whirl and unrest,  
 Into the night.

Into the night we leap towards the dawn,  
 Into the night, into the night,  
 Hast'ning to greet a day yet unborn,  
 Into the night.

Into the night—Ah! this is Life!  
 Into the night, into the night,  
 Life with its turbulence, toil and strife,  
 Into the night.

Out of the night! See! The East is aglow!

Out of the night! out of the night!

With rumble and roar exultant we go

Into the light!

## CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

**S**WEET ON the air the Christmas bells are ringing—  
 Ringing out glad tidings of good will and peace  
 to men;

Voices of children burst forth in joyous singing,  
 Heavenly choirs responding, repeat those songs again.

Thoughts of past Christmas-tides are all about us throng-  
 ing,

Visions of the bygone years before us come and go,  
 Bringing in their shining train a deep, insistent longing  
 For home and kin and mother-love of that dear long-ago.

Why should we seek to stifle this great yearning  
 For childhood joys and happiness that never'll come  
 again?

Why seek to quench the love that in our hearts is burning  
 For old-time scenes and faces, viewed through the mist  
 and rain

Of tears that come unbidden, of tears that fall in vain?

Dear Father! Thou the giver of all life and light for-  
 ever!

Let not these memories of the past a hollow mockery  
 prove.

O, keep our faith unshaken! Give back those Thou hast  
 taken—

O, in Thy many mansions blest, join us to those we love!



# QUESTIONINGS

**W**HENCE doth the lone bird fly,  
 Swift through its realms of sky?  
 Where doth it roam?

Whence floats the fleecy cloud,  
 White as a virgin's shroud?  
 Where is its home?

Whence doth the proud ship sail,  
 Steady in calm and gale?  
 Where is her port?

Whence runs the laughing brook,  
 Dashing through shady nook?  
 What ocean's sought?


Whence dies the sunset's blaze—  
 Flinging its dazzling rays  
 Into the night?

Whence fade the throbbing stars  
 As morning's radiant bars  
 Usher the light?

Whence flies the fleeting breath  
 As mortal sinks to death?  
 To what far shore?

Why dost thou doubt, my soul?  
Heaven is the final goal,  
God is the Perfect Whole—  
Thine evermore!

## BOYHOOD MEMORIES


 HIS IS the spot around which cluster  
 Tender memories of my boyhood days—  
 Memories that have dwelt with me  
 Through all the years since that  
 Bright morning on which I set my face  
 So hopefully towards far-off western lands—  
 Memories that, even in my dreams,  
 Have overshadowed me in benedictions soft and sweet!

And now I live again those happy olden days!—  
 The boyhood friends; the events—some commonplace,  
 Some rare and fraught with subtle meaning—  
 That made up the web and woof  
 Of all the yesterdays of my younger years.  
 Here is the peaceful river, catching  
 Ten thousand glintings from the summer sun;  
 The wooded slopes beyond its western rim;  
 The quiet churchyard with its green graves,  
 O'er which the bending branches chant their solemn  
     requiem;  
 The boat, moored to the old tree by the river's bank,  
 In which I often floated with the stream  
 On summer evenings long ago; the apple tree,  
 Grown old and hoar, 'neath which I used to watch  
 The golden beams die in the radiant west,

And long to follow them to lands beyond the sun—  
 All these come back to me in one great, overpowering  
 Rush of tender memories of those far-off years.

But in this happy retrospection, in which I live again  
 My boyhood hours, a shadow falls upon my heart,  
 And a poignant, unassuagèd sorrow fills it to overflowing.  
 HER tender, tired face is mine to gaze upon no longer!  
 Nevermore in this dear place will those soft eyes  
 Look into mine, and that sweet voice address me!  
 Gone from this earth, its suffering, toil and care,  
 She sleeps in yonder hallowed spot with those  
 She loved so well in other years.

O Mother mine! I call to thee across the valley dark  
 That lies between thy bright celestial home and this  
 Poor world of time, and thou dost answer me.

Here on this spot, where in the bygone years you toiled  
 And hoped and prayed, I feel thy gentle presence near.  
 And boyhood's innocence returns to me, and mantles me  
 With robes of ermine white, as spotless as thine own  
 In Heaven, my Mother dear! And, with that noble queen  
 of old,

I cry to God: "O, keep me innocent!—Make others  
 great!"

## MEXICO

**B**LACK clouds roll up from Mexico,  
 That sunny land, that land of woe—  
 War-worn, strife-riven Mexico!

Wild cries ring out from Mexico,  
 Ring out on flaming winds that blow  
 Famine and death o'er Mexico.

And women's moans come on the breeze from Mexico,  
 And shrieks of little children, running to and fro  
 In streets wet with their blood, in Mexico.

"How long, O Lord, how long," in Mexico,  
 Shall they maltreat Thy children so?—  
 Benighted, murderous Mexico!

And vows of vengeance rend the air in Mexico;  
 Vengeance 'gainst them who laid their chieftain low—  
 He who, but four short days ago,  
 Ruled panic-stricken Mexico.

His was no tyrant's rule, in Mexico!  
 Gentle alike to friend or foe,  
 Madero lived for Mexico.

"Dreamer and Weakling" named they him, in Mexico.  
 "Dreamer and Weakling?"—Aye, but better so

Than treacherous assassin 'neath whose blow  
Madero died for Mexico!

Beware! Beware! O Mexico!  
The Northern Eagle's eyes expand and glow  
With horror at thy deeds, O Mexico!

From Freedom's Heights I hear her call,  
I hear the tramp of armed men,  
I hear their answering shouts again!

Beware! Beware! Or thou shalt know  
That retribution's at thy gates,—  
O savage, blood-stained Mexico!

## PEACE

O WHEN shall this old world have peace?  
We pray for peace, and yet peace cometh not.  
Dun war-clouds roll athwart the Balkan skies,  
And thund'rous cannon belch and flame  
Their message from the fiends in hell!

And fields and streets in Mexico  
Run red with human blood.  
There, brothers' hands are clutching brothers' throats,  
And there, assassins' bullets, in the dark,  
Lay leaders of the people low.

We pray for peace, and yet peace cometh not.  
Nor ever will come while men cherish in their hearts,  
Hate, avarice, and wild lustings after power.

O Thou Omniscient, Mighty One!  
Creator of this little world  
And of those greater worlds  
That gleam and glisten  
In the midnight-skies,  
Touch with Thy magic wand of love  
The hearts of savage, selfish men!  
Lead Thou poor human nature by the hand,  
Beside still waters, to those pastures green  
Of WORLD-WIDE, EVERLASTING PEACE!

## JOAQUIN MILLER

HOW LOVELY was that Sabbath morn  
 On which we climbed the steeps to clasp his hand!

The enchanting land resplendant glowed with sunshine  
 Such as falls only from California skies;

Before our eyes twin cities fair,  
 Whose shores are lapped by summer seas;

Upon the breeze came songs of lark and oriole,  
 And lowing of the cattle on green hills;

Murmuring rills leaped forth from bosky lurking-places,  
 Now and then, behind the winding turns;

Wild flowers and ferns bent o'er their limpid waters,  
 Glinting in the sun:

Anon, through emerald openings in the wooded range,  
 Glimpses we caught of that vast ocean-waste  
 Which sweeps resistless to the Farthest West.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now, we rest a moment at his humble door,  
 Then, entering, greet him there, prostrate upon his couch  
 of pain,  
 From which he nevermore shall rise again.



The wild beast's skin that drapes his homely bed  
 Brings memories of his wild and stormy past.  
 But, as we gaze, he seems to cast it from him,  
 As 'twere some tattered garment, useless now.

Upon his furrowed brow, enwreathed with flowing locks  
 of white,  
 The peace of God indelibly seems set.  
 Serener yet, his pallid face, and those world-weary eyes,  
 So soon to look on Paradise.

\* \* \* \* \*

As we recall that ne'er-forgotten day,  
 The glorious beauty of those Sabbath hours  
 Fit setting seems for the last act of his life's play:

Out of the shadows, as the curtain falls,  
 To hovering angels bright, he calls—  
 "I hear ye! Pity me! Take me away! Take me away!"

Ah, yes! in very deed, sweeping the heavens free,  
 "Some fair star earthward stooped, and beckoned thee,"  
 And thou art gone!

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet thy name liveth on, Sonorous Singer of a Golden Time!  
 Builder of massive monuments of stone!

Thy songs are on the lips of all the world— in every  
clime,—

And thou, at last, art come into thine own.

And like that noble cairn thou didst erect to Moses' name

On thy beloved "Hights,"—imperishable thy fame.

O matchless poet! Thou who so beautifully told

The wondrous story of this Land of Gold—

This Land of Promise by the western sea,

Thy works do follow thee:

And in that Golden Land, beyond the sun,

Thou hearest now the Master's words—"Well done!"

## THANKSGIVING DAY, 1914


THIS is our day of thanksgiving!  
 Thanksgiving for what?  
 That our nation is free from the blot—  
 The red blot of carnage and war?  
 That the shrieks of the dying which come from afar  
 Come not from the lips of our own?  
 That the lands drenched with gore and with misery  
 strown,  
 Lie beyond the wild wastes of the sea?  
 That *our* land is the land of the free?  
 That here peace and plenty do reign?  
 That 'gainst *us* war's waves surge in vain?

O, how can we thanksgivings bring  
 To the throne of the Heavenly King,  
 When the kings of this world  
 Have red banners unfurled,  
 And deluged the earth with the life-blood of men—  
 And women and children, again and again?

No! not thanks to-day do we bring  
 To the throne of the Heavenly King  
 That our own land is happy and free:  
 Not thanks, but a passionate plea  
 For justice 'gainst them who oppress,

For succor to them in distress;  
For the dawn of a day  
Whose sun rolls away  
The black clouds of war  
And men battle no more;  
But, hand in hand, work out a righteous plan—  
Glad dream of all the ages—the BROTHERHOOD OF MAN!

# THE MARCH OF THE HOURS

HE MARCH, unceasing, of the flying hours  
Brings to its close another earthly year.  
Backward along Time's hoary track


The beacon lights grow dim;  
And down the vista of the year to be  
The signals of Futurity are set.

What of the path whose devious way they mark?  
Will it resound with tread of lightsome feet?  
With peals of laughter, shouts of joy?  
Or echo with the sombre tramp of leaden limbs,  
Numb with the cares and sorrows of the world?—  
With songs whose only music is a dirge?

Will this New Year bring surcease from the strife  
Which rends the very earth and steepens in misery the Race?  
Will brutal-visaged War, by Peace enchained,  
Be thrust back to that Hell from whence he came?

O, for the speedy coming of the Dawn  
That ushers in the brotherhood of man!  
O Blessed Day! whose sun shall shine upon  
A world redeemed from bitterness and greed:  
Where men's sole gospel shall be peace and love,  
And human sympathy shall reign supreme!

## THE SIXTH SENSE


 HERE are senses five which God hath given  
 To man for earthly weal or woe,—  
 But there's another sense whose blessedness e'en  
 All the rest combined cannot bestow!

It is that subtle, undefined sense,—  
 A thing ethereal and not born of earth—  
 Some souls have found in it Life's recompense—  
 Souls cursed with toil and suffering from birth.

Stranger meets stranger:—they clasp hands—  
 They look into each other's answering eyes,  
 And know they've met before, in other lands,  
 Yet with that knowledge comes no feeling of surprise.

In other lands—perhaps beyond this little life of ours,—  
 They've walked in close communion sweet,  
 Among Elysian fields and deathless flowers—  
 Those Border-lands where Time and long Eternities do  
 meet.

And thou, O soul, dear counterpart of mine!  
 Didst walk with me in Lands beyond the Sun,—  
 And then we lost each other in the mists of Time;  
 But now we meet again in this fair world, our weary wan-  
 derings done.

## HOW I DISCOVERED "LITTLE RHODY!"

**G**ou know 'tis said that dear old Roger—  
 Protestant firm, and agile dodger  
 Of Puritanic persecution—

Won all the Natives with his elocution  
 The day he sailed up Narragansett Bay.

"What Cheer! What Cheer!" the savage chorus cried,  
 Whereat the noble Roger sighed—

"This surely is the hand of Providence!

For *here* I am a man of consequence:

I'd rather with these painted red men sit

And eat the juicy clam from steaming pit,

Than eat forever and a day,

Cold pork and beans on Massachusetts Bay—

I guess I'll stay!"

All this the story-books do show;

And now I'll strike an awful blow

At those historians old and slow—

For I'm iconoclastic you must know.

I'm going to raise a dreadful fuss

And get those fellows in a muss;

And you can safely to me toady,

For *I* discovered "Little Rhody!"—

It happened thus:

'Twas on a Sabbath morn in May—  
 In fact 'twas Decoration Day—  
 The train was headed Boston way,  
 When suddenly there came a bump  
 As if my car had struck a stump:  
 " 'Tis Providence!" the porter cries,  
 And straight I oped my sleepy eyes;—  
 Sat up in bed in mild surprise.

"So *this* is Providence?" I said:  
 "It is," quoth he, "an' awful dead!"  
 Alas! Alack! It was too true—  
 The morning sun, in sky so blue,  
 Looked down  
 Upon a sleepy town.

Successors to good Roger lay  
 In slumber deep that morn in May.  
 The hour had not yet struck for prayer,  
 No sound of church bells in the air,  
 But there are those who firm declare  
 That praying is a long-lost art  
 In "Little Rhody's" quiet mart!

And now I tramp me up and down  
 To find conveyance out of town:  
 Impatiently I stand and wait—  
 Like all things here, the car is late!



At last it turns Weybosset with a crash,  
 And then up Washington we dash;  
 Through Elmwood's shady lanes we go,  
 Into the country, sure but slow.

The hills are dressed in living green,  
 And, now and then, the silvery sheen  
 Of quiet waters sparkling in the sun—  
 A dazzling tribute to the day begun.  
 The blue bird calls from out the bush,  
 And then the song and sudden rush  
 Of robin red-breast on the wing—  
 Ah! how they touch my heart and bring  
 Me back those boyhood hours  
 'Midst "Little Rhody's" trees and flowers!

Here waves the dandelion still;  
 Horse-chestnuts bloom upon the hill  
 With butter-cups and daisies fair;  
 There's scent of violets in the air,  
 And clover perfume everywhere—  
 All verdant Nature's in a thrill,  
 And sentient life bends to her will.

On through the quiet villages we pass,  
 Where little groups now wend the way

To worship on this sacred day  
 And pay,  
 With bowed and reverent head,  
 Their tribute to the Nation's dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now I stand within the door  
 Of the old homestead, where of yore  
 The loved ones gathered round the board,  
 And Time flew swift, and sweet accord  
 Reigned here supreme in childhood hours.  
 Ah me! They never will come back:  
 They've sped away upon life's track  
 That leads from this old world of Time  
 Into Eternity sublime.

And faces once so radiant here!—  
 At thought of them, the bitter tear  
 Wells up unbidden to my eyes,—  
 I send a prayer into the skies  
 And lo! a benediction, sweet,  
 Falls at my very feet.

“And what hast thou discovered, pray?”  
 I hear some doubting Thomas say.  
 “Why only *this*,” I make reply;—  
 “Of all the lands beneath the sky,

From Maine to California great,  
There's none can touch my Native State!  
A little State of big renown—  
The State of Burnside, Green and Brown,  
And Williams,—crowned with Freedom's crown!"  
Ah, "Little Rhody" may be slow—  
But then, its home, sweet home,  
You know!

## FAILURE

How oft in life we fail!  
 The sails we set to some auspicious gale,  
 Only to find our ship at last  
 On treacherous shoals, aground and fast.

How oft we labor, with a Titan's might,  
 On plans conceived through many a weary night;  
 Build, with incessant toil, a structure fair,  
 Only to see it vanish into air.

How oft we battle till the fight seems won,  
 Only to see, when day is done,  
 The night-clouds lower and the stars look down  
 On fields with dead hopes thickly strewn.

Yet, from our failures must we ever rise  
 With grim determination in our eyes,  
 And set the sails again and labor on  
 And battle till the shades of night are gone—  
*Full sure* that vict'ry cometh with the dawn!





HERE END THE SONGS OF NATURE, LOVE AND LIFE,  
WRITTEN BY JOHN WOOD NORTHUP, PUBLISHED BY  
PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY, AND SEEN THROUGH  
THEIR TOMOYE PRESS BY HERMAN A. FUNKE, IN THE  
CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO DURING THE MONTH OF  
DECEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN



















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